

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2761.—VOL. C.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1892.

TWO { SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS { By Post, 6d.



THE LATE GRAND DUKE LOUIS OF HESSE, K.G.

Photo by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Whatever price our coals may be coming to, it is not likely they will ever reach the figure at which our grandfathers sometimes found them. A contrary wind (for there was no land carriage) or a "hot press" would leave London coalless. On Feb. 12, 1793—less than a hundred years ago—the *Times* tells us: "Price of coals yesterday in the Pool, 43s. a chaldron. Delivered to housekeepers, 41s. to 49s. The price rose considerably yesterday, from a report that several colliers had been captured." On Oct. 4 in the next year coals were at 50s. "The number of ships taken out of the trade into the transport and other services" was considered the chief cause of it, and "not a combination, which we are well assured does not exist." In January 1795 things were much worse: "The long frost," says the *Times*, "had stopped the navigation of the Thames; what coals remained in the lighters and barges were nearly exhausted at the wharves, and, naturally, every man possessed of a commodity looks to extraordinary profits on unusual events, which has, we understand, occasioned six or seven guineas to be given for a chaldron of coals within a few days past. There are at present more than fifty sail of colliers in the river not unladen, which contain about 10,000 chaldrons for an immediate supply." On Feb. 24 we read: "There was only one ship of coals at market, which sold at three guineas and a half per chaldron. About thirty more ships were at sea, but forced into the Humber." On April 15, 1799, there was again only one shipload at market, when "coals were sold in the Pool at five guineas a chaldron"! The chaldron was 2800 lb.

The late attempt at looting the "money-car" on the Hudson River railway beats the record for coolness and audacity. The fact of its being planned and carried out by a single individual gives it a colour of romance such as no storyteller would have ventured to employ, while the means resorted to for escape exhibit a presence of mind which (when one considers that, after all, this admirable scoundrel failed to steal anything) makes one almost wish it had resulted in his absence of body. The conductor at the end of the train, thinking he hears the air-whistle sound very faintly, suspects something is wrong in the money-car, and, looking through the hole where the bell-rope comes through, sees, where the messenger ought to have been, a stranger with a red mask. This gentleman fires at him with his revolver, and bids him signal the engine-driver (who was slackening speed) to go on ahead. The conductor and his two "trainmen" are unarmed, and obedience is indispensable; but one of the two latter at once jumps off, and, running to the last station, telegraphs to the next one that a robber is on board, while the train proceeds at full speed, so that his jumping off is out of the question. At the next station the money-car is found to have been rifled, and the messenger wounded and unconscious, and on the platform a well-dressed young man with gold eyeglasses and a satchel, whom one of the trainmen remembered to have seen at the last stopping-place. How, then, comes he here? Declining to answer that question, he produces a couple of revolvers, and backs to a coal train with steam up, pulls out the pin connecting the tender with the first wagon, drives off the stoker, and starts the engine.

The conductor of the express unpins his engine, and starts in pursuit armed with a gun, upon a parallel line of rails. They exchange shots again and again, till the robber suddenly reverses his engine, jumps off and takes to the road. The rest of his story, though it beats Dick Turpin's on his own ground, is less amazing: he annexes a vehicle or two by the simple process of shooting at their occupants; but the roads are bad, and his pursuers overtake him on horseback, and, after a parley from behind a stone wall, he surrenders to them, satchel and all. Never did gentleman of the road (or rather railroad) go through so much to gain so little. But what an episode in (perhaps) an otherwise quiet life! He may not be a good man, but his heart must have been, physically at all events, "in the right place"; the whole affair would have "fluttered" most people very much.

The scientific conclusion arrived at by a writer in the *Fortnightly* that women do not feel pain as compared with men will be very gratifying to some of us. It will be pleasant to learn that the male is the "really sensitive sex," and that the little ailments of our womenfolk are worth no more attention than we have always paid to them. Though wife-beating will remain at best an unworthy pastime, it will be a comfort to know that the discipline is far from cruel, and it is even possible in the fullness of time that some more advanced scientific person may prove that the victims like it. Without going so far as to pronounce headaches in the female as imaginary, it is very gratifying to be told that save in a few nervous cases, which, as the mathematicians say, may, and generally are, "disregarded," they are very inferior to male headaches. The gentleman who, in returning from the Derby, complained that it was deuced hard on a fellow, after such a jolly day, to come home and find his wife with neuralgia was evidently wiser than he knew, and has been much too severely spoken of.

Persons of mature age—a much prettier way of putting it than "old people," because it suggests a ripening of the faculties—will remember when the "bottle trick" was the most popular of conjuring performances. From a single apparently inexhaustible bottle the performer, with his tray of glasses, would give you any liqueur you asked for. The explanation of the affair was that the bottle had no "kick," the glasses were very small ones, and at the bottom of each lurked a drop of something which gave the taste required to the spirit. A wine merchant in Brussels has been plagiarising from the latter part of this performance by giving his customers imitation liqueurs, made of "tartaric and acetic acid, ground chicory, and chalk." He was especially successful, we are told, with green Chartreuse. This enterprising merchant has to meet no less than fourteen actions for fraud. It is bad enough to have one's drink diluted. Everyone sympathised with the customer in Room 44, of whom the waiter, pumping water into the bottle of sherry, observes in *Punch*: "The gent in 44 likes a thinner and a drier wine, does he? I wonder how he will like this bin?" But what is dilution compared with adulteration? The imputation of the "white of egg" to give the Chartreuse its "delicious oleaginous quality" seems quite a delicate attention after that "tartaric and acetic acid."

I have never joined in the attacks upon the Post Office. Whatever may be its faults, there is no other department of Government to be compared with it for punctuality and dispatch; and as for accuracy, during thirty years of literary and editorial life, I scarcely remember a single case of letter or manuscript being lost, the cause of which, upon investigation, was not brought home to the sender. There are, of course, opportunities for improvement even in the Post Office, but many of its conveniences are unknown. A correspondent points out to me what an immense advantage it would be to travellers if a letter could be posted in the train. "On the German railways, at every station, a letter can be put in the Post Office van (a box being provided for that purpose) up to the moment of the train's departure. When a sea-passage intervenes on a journey—as, for example, in coming from Ireland—this would be especially an advantage." Now, as a matter of fact, though very few people are aware of it, this very plan is in practice on all our mail trains, including, of course, the Irish Mail; but the department hides its light under a bushel by confining the information to the columns of the "Post Office Guide."

In "Hard Times," by Charles Dickens, there is a pleasant account of a performing dog, whose performance is even greater than his promise, and who keeps a respectable gentleman in a state of great apprehension for hours, and prevents his pursuit of a malefactor. In "A Rogue's Life," by Wilkie Collins, the hero, who is caught coining by the police, disappears from their astonished gaze through the floor: "The trapdoor on which he had been standing, and on which he had descended, closed with a bang at the same moment, and a friendly voice from the lower regions called out gaily 'Good-bye.'" A gentleman accused of burglary in Holborn, whether guilty of that offence or not, has certainly committed plagiarism on both these authors. He, too, disappeared from the detective as he was about to seize him, through a trap-door, and when that officer attempted to follow him he found himself "pinned" by two bull-terriers, trained for that especial purpose, who retained him in their society for an unconscionable time. The incident is described by the reporters as "unparalleled," though it is clear that, as in the case of Mr. Pott's article on Chinese metaphysics, the burglar only "combined his information."

There can be no doubt of the "resignation" of Mr. Berry, if after he gives up his office he can get £40,000 for relating his experiences as a lecturer in America. Even if he takes a nought or two from those figures, it is a nice little sum, and disposes satisfactorily of that question of a pension for old age that troubles so many of us. Whether his lectures will be elevating, which his work (though it used to be so till "the drop" was invented) undoubtedly was not, is another matter; he is adjured "to have the good taste to avoid morbid details"; but that is hardly the advice which his Barnum—for it seems he has a Barnum—will give him. Nobody wants to hear his arguments against capital punishment, which can only remind one of those which judges, who have retired on a pension, sometimes indulge in against the law. In the great type of his profession in "Barnaby Rudge" there is no trace of this disloyalty till he comes to be hanged himself—an event which actually happened to a predecessor in his office, but to which we all hope Mr. Berry has no reason to look forward. It is "details" which will certainly be expected of him. This is the point in which the otherwise interesting "Memoirs of the Sanson Family" are deficient. In the record of seven generations of hereditary executioners we expect more exciting incidents. Mr. Berry "knows the ropes" (in the singular, at all events), but I should doubt his possessing the art of dramatic recital. The notion of his employing "wax figures" for the illustration of his discourses, as lecturers on art employ magic lanterns, is realistic enough, but a little crude: unless they are artistically designed, it is possible they may look ridiculous,

and ridicule—the least touch of it—would be fatal to him. Upon the whole, I should be sorry to pay £20,000 "on account" of those American lectures.

Neither the resignation of Mr. Berry nor his opinions upon the subject of capital punishment will cause the abolition of his office, and I am glad of it, for, as the poet observes—

Notwithstanding human nature's purity,
I think it rather adds to my security.

But it will doubtless suffer change. It is not likely, in the face of democratic objections, to become hereditary; but executions will probably no longer be undertaken, as at present, by the job—ten pounds if they come off and five pounds in case of a reprieve. The most remarkable of Mr. Berry's predecessors were (1) Derrick, who (though not in the rope walk, but a headsman) gave his name to the mechanical crane of that name; he was himself convicted of a capital offence, but pardoned by the Earl of Essex, whom it afterwards became his painful duty to decapitate; (2) Richard Brandon, who cut off the head of Charles I., "for which he got £30, all in half-crowns" (to show, one supposes, that there were no more crowns or sovereigns); and (3) Jack Ketch himself, who, like many a man before and after him, seems to have secured immortality by doing nothing very particular.

The "rather disreputable and villainous-looking person" whom a newspaper correspondent describes as travelling in the Underground in company with "a largely elap-knife," is of himself sufficiently disturbing; but his ways would seem to be even more objectionable than his appearance. Like too many other travellers, he is consumed with a desire for information, and this takes the form of wishing to know, without a moment's hesitation, the name of every station at which the train stops. In the Underground, with its dim light and its scores of advertisements, this curiosity is difficult to gratify, and upon the least delay out comes his knife. In a moment of ignorant agony the correspondent appears to have given him "Pears' Soap" or "Bennett's Watches" instead of "Bishop's Road," and then to have adopted the "policy of scuttle" along the footboard. The whole affair may possibly be a device of the company to sell their train-books, a knowledge of the contents of which is obviously the only chance of safety; otherwise there is no alternative but to do away with the advertisements, so as to leave the names of the stations in prominent isolation.

Mad people are very objectionable in railway trains. I remember, many years ago, a lunatic who haunted the Great Western, and when he found you alone insisted on your going down on your knees to pray with him. If you declined his invitation he pushed your head through the window pane. Except to very few persons, this caprice was embarrassing enough, but on one occasion he went much farther, and insisted on praying in his shirt. His terrified companion took advantage of his disrobing to open the door and escape into the next carriage, at the window of which, as he was describing his adventure to its occupant, the lunatic appeared, his one garment fluttering in the breeze. The other man fortunately had his umbrella, and with its help they together managed to push the would-be intruder off the skirting-board. The train was stopped, and the poor wretch was taken to Hanwell Asylum, opposite to which he had most opportunely fallen.

Another eccentric railway traveller had a morbid habit of reading out to any fellow-traveller the most startling intelligence—all false—from his newspaper. A friend of mine of lethargic disposition once fell in with him. He bore the news of "battle, murder, and sudden death" with great equanimity, but the statement that Bristol had been burnt down on the preceding night aroused him. "Bristol! Why I have house property at Bristol." "Sorry for that, Sir; it's gone." "But let me read about it, I beg." "Certainly not—it would distress you too much; it distresses me." And he burst into tears and threw the paper out of the window. It was fortunate, perhaps, for my friend that the other happened to hit upon Bristol as the scene of catastrophe, for not to arouse the interest of his fellow-traveller made him furious. He came to grief at last by attacking a deaf and dumb man, who was naturally undisturbed by his budget, but who understood an appeal to arms and how to repel it.

The literary attraction of Ireland, as a subject of fiction, is in inverse proportion to its platform popularity. On an Irish novel the discreet publisher looks askance. I shall be surprised, however, if Miss Lawless's "Grania: the Story of an Island," does not prove an exception to this rule. It deals with characters at once both real and romantic, and which have been hitherto untouched by the novelist. The scene is laid in the islands of Arran in Galway Bay, and the action is wholly confined to them. If all he is told in the book is not true, the reader at least will have no suspicion of it. There is nobody in the two volumes who has fifty pounds a year, or probably fifteen, so that nobody can accuse it of grovelling to "the classes," and, what is best of all, and most unexpected in an Irish novel, there is not a word of brogue in it from beginning to end.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CAP MARTIN AND THE ROYALTIES.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWKES, M.A.

The proverbial *Royal* (not *sacré*) blue weather seems to have for once given out. Even the arrival of her gracious Majesty the Queen could not bring the disorderly barometer on the Riviera to its senses, while the visit of the Prince and Princess to Cap Martin, Mentone, was signalled by a hurricane of wind and rain, which on March 19, in the middle of the night, approached an earthquake in violence, while the Sunday morning dawned with a spectacle of snow on the Mentone hills, just above the pines, such as has hardly been seen in March within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. A constellation of royalties, home and foreign, appear at this moment to be following the sun, or the place where the sun ought to be—that is to say, the Riviera: the Queen at Hyères; the Duke and Duchess and Princess May of Teck at Cannes; the Duke of Braganza and Infanta of Portugal at Mentone; the Empress Eugénie, looking very pale, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, and the royal Princesses—looking all remarkably well, by the way—at Cap Martin. Every precaution has been taken to prevent their Royal Highnesses from being mobbed and stared at by the too many tourists, who are prone to wander wherever an H.R.H. is heard of or expected. A Nice reporter recorded that when the royal train drew up at the Nice station, about six o'clock in the morning, all the blinds were down, and not a face showed itself at any of the windows! What did he expect? Probably he thought that the Prince of Wales would appear full front at one window in Field-Marshal's uniform and the Princess and her daughters en grande toilette, holding huge bouquets, with two Beefeaters, or Lord Salisbury himself, behind them at the other windows! But no!—to use the reporter's own pathetic words—"Absolute silence, and not a sign!" On the first floor of the Cap Martin Hotel a splendid suite of rooms has been secured opening on to the great corridor and staircase. A long curtain, marked "Private," hangs the whole length of the hall—'tis true that as one comes downstairs over the top of the curtain appears a chandelier and a fragment of wall decoration, upon which royal eyes on the other side may be resting at the very moment when Mrs. Brown, Jones Esq., or Mr. Smith, as they go up and down stairs, crane their necks to see a little bit further, if possible, into the royal precincts, in view of which painful contortions who shall say we are not a loyal people? The picture is hardly overdrawn. On going out into the grounds, I was overtaken by two excited-looking ladies of no particular age, perfect strangers to me. "Pray," they gasped out, "have you seen three gentlemen come along this way? One, they say, is the Prince of Wales. Which way did they go?" (As if the Prince was a fox that had to be hunted and run down, after all the holes had been well stopped!) "No, Madame," I said, "I have not seen three gentlemen," and I was just going to add, "And if I had seen the Prince go by I should not tell you," but they were off and out of sight in hot pursuit.

The royal guests were not long in making up their minds about the Cap Martin. The Prince of Wales, with his usual urbanity, asked to see Mr. Ulrich, the young and able Austrian manager, and expressed himself highly gratified with all the arrangements. The manager's young wife, married only last June, was also presented to his Royal Highness at his own courteous request. He complimented her on the hotel, and "I see," said the Prince, "you are English." The Princess of Wales, although complaining of the bitterly cold weather, telegraphed almost immediately on arrival: "It is a lovely spot, and the hotel is very comfortable." The royal party breakfast at half-past nine, walk in the grounds, lunch at two, drive out, and dine at eight. The young Princesses sit and read or work in a favourite kiosk overlooking the sea in among the pine woods. On Sunday last the Prince of Wales, Prince George, and Princess Victoria attended divine service at Mentone. The royal party have taken several drives in the environs during the week. The death of the Grand Duke of Hesse has cast a new gloom over the family. They see no one but the Empress Eugénie, who has the suite of rooms above them. I met the royal courier, M. Hafner, in the hall, and entered into conversation with him. He is a very quiet, unobtrusive person, between thirty and forty. He told me that the Prince's party had not left their carriages between Calais and Mentone. They none of them seem to inherit her Majesty's sea-going faculties, and suffered more or less like other mortals in crossing the silver, or rather the mud and soap-pudding, streak. M. Hafner has no *sneaker*. He has been the Prince's body-servant for eight years, and is a man of remarkable quickness, tact, and ability.

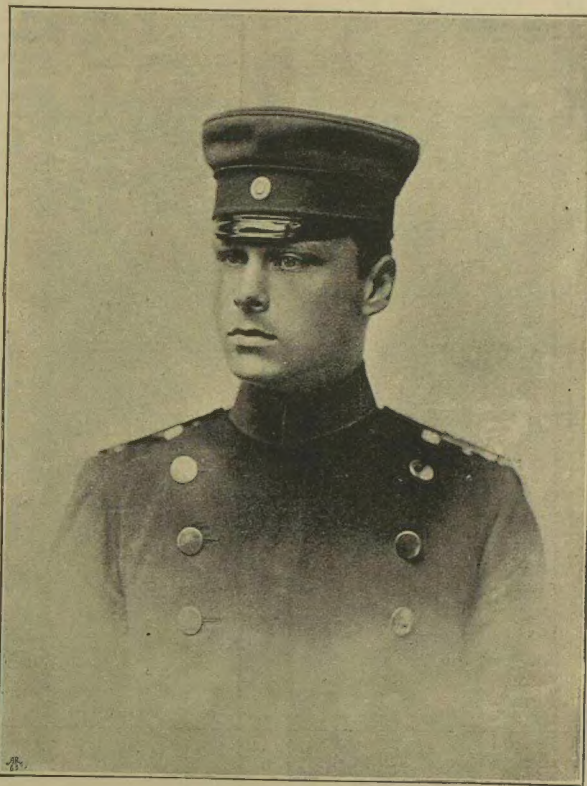
He is in attendance day and night. "I have been here two days, and I assure you I have not yet had a moment to unpack my portmanteau. Everything passes through my hands. None of the Prince's servants speak French. I am responsible for all letters and telegrams. I have to see to the meals—everything has to be punctual and properly served. The Prince is a very exact man. He is good-hearted, kind and considerate to everyone, and he does not like a fuss made. He does not want to interfere with other people, but he does not like other people to interfere with him. He works hard and very regularly himself, and expects everyone about him to do their duty. He is very quick, and even sharp, about this, and will not be trifled with."

"I have a great many interests and tastes to consult, and an infinity of things to recollect and arrange. People have to be kept in good humour all round, and it is very difficult sometimes to please everyone. When we are abroad there is more to do, and it is more anxious work. I can take it somewhat easier when I am at home, but I like my work. Yes, the Prince is a good but a strict master. All sorts of journalists come to me, of course. Naturally they want news. Everyone wants news. I never give myself airs about anything; but I know how to shut my mouth. I can tell no one about any of the Prince's private affairs, even if I knew them myself. Anything I can tell I am glad to tell merely to oblige. Of course, the public are always interested in the royal family." I am bound to say M. Hafner, the royal courier, looked very tired and a little worn, perhaps with his constant responsibilities. He left

upon me the impression of a very unaffected, amiable, and genuine sort of man—a man of trust and character, full of resource—who had seen and noticed a good deal, and was quite able to act patiently, quietly, and effectively in any emergency.

THE QUEEN'S SOJOURN AT HYÈRES.

The choice of Hyères for her Majesty's residence for a time, as a retreat from the cold air of England at this season, is justified by the reputation of that place for a mild and equable climate, with air more dry than that of some other towns on the Riviera. The town of Hyères must be distinguished from the Hyères Islands, Porquerolles and others, which lie opposite the seacoast eastward of Toulon, an important French naval arsenal and fortress. Within an hour's drive of Toulon, but a league inland, on the southern slope, and at the base of a steep hill, sheltered by a high mountain range extending from north to south-east is the pretty little town, with a fixed population of twelve thousand or more. It has no remarkable antiquities, but was the birthplace of Massillon, the great French Catholic preacher. The delightful terrace promenade, embellished with fine palm-trees, called the Avenue or Place des Palmiers, is an attractive resort, commanding fine views of the richly fertile plain, the bay as far as Cape Bonat, and Fort Bregrançon to the east, and the neighbouring isles. A grander prospect is enjoyed from the summit of a hill, the Mont des Oiseaux, crowned by the Hermitage Chapel, a noted shrine of pilgrimage, below which lies the village of Costebelle, with its pleasant villas and gardens. The two hotels of Costebelle are specially engaged for the abode of Queen Victoria with her family, household, and suite. Behind them rise gentle slopes of the hill, clothed with pines, olives, and oaks, with shaded footpaths, now smoothed down



ERNEST LOUIS, THE NEW GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

See Next Page.

and made into carriage roads. The villa owners whose property adjoins that of Mr. Peyron, the hotel-keeper, have offered to place their grounds at the disposal of the Queen. Close by is the residence of Ambroise Thomas, the composer of "Mignon"; next to it is that of the Count de Léautaud, and thence her Majesty will be able to pass into the gardens of the Château de Saint Pierre, a curious edifice built by M. Germain de Saint Pierre, the tutor of the last of the Kings of France. Beyond is the villa of the Duchess of Grafton, built by the late Duke, who is credited with being the first to discover this neighbourhood as a winter resort for the English. This villa is now occupied by the Duchesse de Noailles. The Queen will, therefore, have a very extensive park at her disposal, and, as it is traversed by no main roads, it will afford all the quietude and privacy which her Majesty likes. The hotel building itself stands at some distance from the sea, while the glare and dazzle of the sunshine reflected from the water nearer the coast are avoided. Between the hotel and the Mediterranean there is a mile or more of well-wooded, undulating land, and beyond is the peninsula of Giens and the Îles d'Or, the Stœchades of the Romans. In the background is Mount Condon, with its immense forts for the protection of the port of Toulon, and other heights, which afford shelter from the cold winds.

AN INDIAN TIGER-HUNT.

The scene displayed in our large Engraving took place in Mysore, where the Maharajah entertained a party of English gentlemen, accompanied by our Special Artist, with a grand hunt prepared beforehand near one of the villages on the border of the jungle, where a cow had been killed by a lurking tiger. The mode of operation is described in the following account—

When a "kill" by a tiger is reported, they cart to the spot many yards of large, strong black netting made of goat's hair, about ten feet wide; with this they surround the tiger at the "kill," and so prevent his return to impenetrable

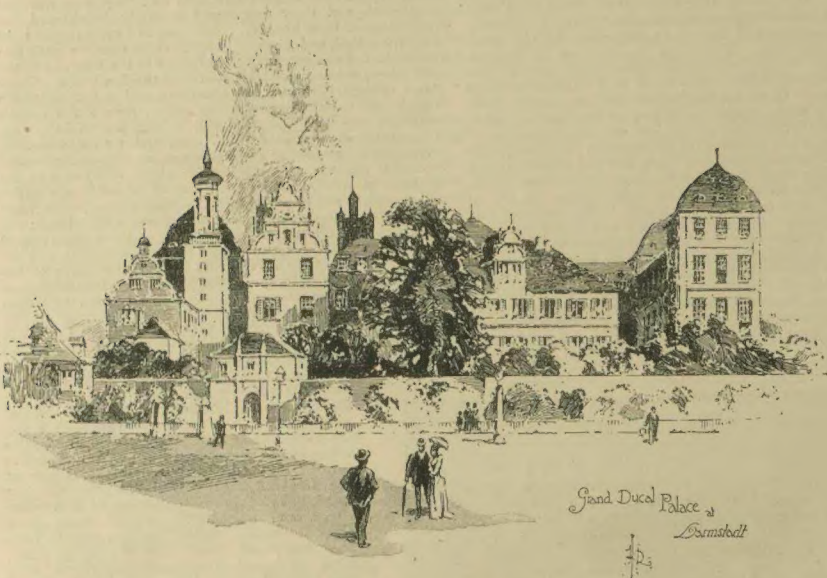
jungle at daybreak. The outside of the net is then cleared for a space of five or six feet, one or two paths or cross-roads are made, and all is ready for the hunt. In this case the tiger had been thus enclosed, near to a small lake or pond, not very deep, surrounded by thick high jungle. Outside of the net we saw "all sorts and conditions of men," old and young, most with spears, some with flintlocks, and a few with the latest improvements in firearms. On each side of the lake a number of stands on posts of bamboo had been erected; these were rather low, and to me it seemed that, if the tiger were standing upright beside one of them, he could easily have swept us off; they were also not very solid, and their appearance certainly heightened the excitement of tiger-hunting. On these and surrounding trees we were posted, and when all were in their places a path was opened in the netting, with wings made of the same, on to the lake, about thirty yards wide, and then the fun began. There was a concert of horns and tom-toms, and a few flintlocks were let off, but the tiger did not move; then a few rockets were sent into the jungle, and still he was not to be drawn. A few more shots were fired in vain, and we adjourned for refreshments, consisting of green cocoanut milk—and nice and cooling it was, too, after sitting for about two hours in the midday sun, rifle in hand. We returned to our stands again, and there was more horn-blowing and tom-toming, with many more rockets. Suddenly we heard loud and wild yelling; the tiger, or rather tigress, had made a rush on the farther side of the netting, but she retired again to the thick bushes in the centre. Now a party of villagers entered the inside of the netting and cleared more of the jungle. At last the tigress again made a rush; two shots, one after another, were fired at her, and again she retired. Off went one more rocket, which must have fallen on her back, and this sent her out in real earnest.

First she made a rush on to the netting on the Maharajah's side, right under his stand, and then again on to the opposite one. She had not yet quite made up her mind to enter the enclosure again; in long and graceful springs, with a loud roar, she made for the open across the lake. Bang! bang! went the Maharajah's rifle, and so did everybody's; but only one bullet entered her body, or through the middle of her forehead into the brain, from the last stand. The tigress disappeared into deep water, and immediately we all came down from our stands, most of us claiming to have fired the fatal shot. She was quite dead, lying in about five feet of water. A rope was fastened to her body, and a long line of coolies, with wild shouts, pulled her on to land. She proved to be a fine and very large tigress, and with young; in a few more days she would have given birth to five cubs. After being galloped she was placed upon an elephant, and we all remounted our ponies for our homeward journey. Many a jolly song and story made a short road, and his Highness discoursed sweet music upon the homely banjo, on which he is an expert. He is one of India's most liberal and large-minded princes, thoroughly English in all his ways, and a great sportsman. Many an Englishman has had to thank him and his kind and courteous private secretary, Major Martin, for much hospitality and the great trouble that is taken to procure for them really good shooting of big game. R. C. W.

THE CAPTURE OF MAYUN.

A correspondent of the *Civil and Military Gazette* with the Hunza-Nagar force has given a picturesque account of the capture of Mayun on Dec. 20. After the severe fighting at Nilt on the 2nd, with its startling accompaniments of a gun-cotton explosion and a dashing and successful assault, it was anticipated that the Hunza-Nagars would have no stomach for further fighting; but this proved a delusion. The enemy entrenched themselves very strongly on the farther side of the adjacent ravine, which was about 1000 ft. in depth, their right flank resting on a high pine forest and their left on an impassable glacier. All known paths leading up to the position had been cut away, huge abatis had been constructed everywhere, loopholed walls of immense thickness had been multiplied in such a bewildering way that those who had visited the place previously, were now quite unable to recognise it, and after a thorough examination of the general position Lieutenant Townshend, of the Central India Horse, reported that it was practically unassailable. The difficulty was to find a path by which our men could get at close quarters with the strongly entrenched enemy without subjecting themselves to a murderous fire from numerous and cleverly-disposed sangars. The problem was at last solved by a sepooy of the Cashmere bodyguard, a brave man and accomplished craftsman. On the night of the 19th a hundred selected Gorkhas and Dogras, led by Lieutenants Manners Smith and Taylor, contrived to descend the ravine from the fort without attracting the notice of the enemy. Early on the morning of the 20th an astonishingly accurate fire was opened on the four most formidable sangars of the enemy. After half an hour's fusillade, Lieutenant Manners Smith began his assault with fifty of the bodyguard, followed at an interval by Lieutenant Taylor with the remainder of the men. Mr. Manners Smith, with consummate coolness and discretion, kept showing his men the way, sliding along narrow ledges and in cracks and crannies of the rock a precarious foothold. Once a vast avalanche of clay and stones threatened them with annihilation; at another time Mr. Manners Smith had reached a point less than a hundred feet below the sangars, when the enemy, warned by the Mayun men across the river, realised their danger and made frantic efforts to escape from it, hurling downward the very walls which protected them. There were here two paths, one leading to the left and to destruction, the other to the right to a position above and behind the sangars. It was a terrible moment of suspense to his friends who were looking on as Mr. Smith deliberated which to take. He chose the right one. All firing then ceased as if by magic, and an instant afterwards he appeared on the crest of the ridge, followed by about a dozen of the most active of his men. Then the pent-up emotions of our troops found expression in shouts and yells of triumph and admiration. The enemy's line was completely broken; 100 of them were killed, and 120 were taken prisoners, while great stores of rifles and flags were captured. But, far more than all this, Hunza and Nagar, the hitherto unconquered brigands of the Cashmere frontier, were subdued.

THE LATE GRAND DUKE LOUIS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.



THE GRAND DUCAL PALACE, DARMSTADT.

The Royal Family are, to our sincere regret, again in mourning, which is now for the death of our Queen's son-in-law, the widowed husband of the lamented Princess Alice, a German Sovereign Prince well esteemed in his own country, and no stranger in England, the Grand Duke Louis IV. of Hesse and "by Rhine," a Knight of the Garter. His Royal Highness died on Sunday morning, March 13, at the Grand Ducal Palace, Darmstadt, of heart disease, from which he had been suffering four or five months. He had survived his wife, the Grand Duchess Alice, over thirteen years, and was in the fifty-fifth year of his age. Five of their children are living—namely, a son, Ernest Louis, born in 1863, now Grand Duke; three married daughters, who are Victoria, Princess Louis of Battenberg, Elizabeth, Princess Sergius of Russia, and Irene, Princess Henry of Prussia; and one unmarried daughter, Princess Alix. One, Princess Marie, died in November 1878.

The Grand Duchy of Hesse, formerly distinguished in common parlance by the name of Hesse-Darmstadt, while the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel retained a political existence, is one of the German Sovereign States that have escaped being absorbed into the kingdom of Prussia; and is a member of the Federal German Empire, sending three Government delegates to the Bundesrath or Federal Council, and nine elected deputies to the Reichstag or Assembly of that empire. Its territory, divided into the provinces of Oberhessen, Rheinhessen, and Starkenburg, is less than three thousand square miles, about half the size of Yorkshire, and its population is under a million; its largest towns are Mainz, or Mayence, on the Rhine, and Darmstadt, the small capital city. The annual revenue of the State is about one million sterling. But the situation of Hesse, as interposed between the western parts of Germany and Bavaria, with the independent spirit of its princes and

TOWER OF THE SILVER BELL.
USED AT THE DEATH OR BIRTH OF PRINCES.

DARMSTADT, FROM THE LUDWIG MONUMENT.



THE LOUISEN PLATZ, DARMSTADT.



MAUSOLEUM AT ROSENHÖHE: THE TOMB OF THE LATE GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE.



PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE.

their conduct as protectors of the Protestant Reformation, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gave it much political importance. They bore an active part in the struggles against the House of Austria, both in the time of Charles V. and a century later in the Thirty Years' War. The valour of Hessian soldiery was largely employed, at a later period, in auxiliary services to Hanover and to England under the Georgian reigns. Napoleon's conquests forced this and other West-German principalities to become dependants on his empire; and in 1806 he bestowed on the Land-Grav or Elector of Hesse-Darmstadt the title of Grand Duke, which was confirmed by the treaties of Vienna in 1815. Thirty years ago, when the suspected designs of Napoleon III. and the evident need of a reconstitution of the Germanic Confederation excited great anxiety, Hesse-Darmstadt, as well as Baden, Bavaria, and Württemberg, were the objects of French political intrigue, which was baffled, however, by the patriotism of the German Princes, though reluctant to accept the supreme control of Prussia. The crisis was at length brought on by the dispute between Prussia and Austria concerning the occupation of Schleswig-Holstein after the Danish War of 1864. The States of Hesse, both Electoral and Ducal, thought fit to side with Austria, upon the ground of legality, and were employed, together with the Hanoverians, in minor operations of the brief war in 1866, after which Prussia annexed the northern States, Hanover, Brunswick, and Hesse-Cassel, but allowed Hesse-Darmstadt to remain. In the great French War of 1870, this Grand Duchy most faithfully and vigorously performed its share of service to the common cause of Germany. The late Grand Duke, not then reigning, commanded the Hessian troops against Prussia in 1866, and against France in 1870 and 1871, with equal spirit and sense of duty on both occasions.

He was twenty-three years of age, having been

born Sept. 12, 1837, eldest son of Prince Charles William of Hesse, and nephew of Grand Duke Louis III., when he became engaged to the English Princess Alice, our Queen's second daughter. This took place at Windsor, Nov. 30, 1860, as is noted with motherly pleasure in the Queen's journal, in the "Life of the Prince Consort." The marriage was performed at Osborne, July 1, 1862, after the death of the bride's illustrious and beloved father. Our readers are probably acquainted with the interesting history of the domestic life of Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, at Darmstadt—as Grand Duke and Duchess after June 13, 1877, when Prince Louis succeeded his uncle, Prince Charles, his father, having died three months before—and with the touching incidents of December 1878, when the Grand Duchess Alice, nursing her husband and five of her children, the youngest of whom, Princess Marie, then died, fell a victim to the contagious malady, on the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death seventeen years before. All this, and much besides, is related in the biography compiled, with her private letters, by her sister, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and published in 1884. Such recollections must naturally be revived by the recent decease of her husband, the Grand Duke, "in whom," says our Court Circular, "the Queen feels she loses a real son," and who has "paid yearly visits to the Queen with his motherless and now orphan children." The memory, indeed, of our Princess Alice—"so good, so kind, so clever," as her brother the Prince of Wales said when she died—will always be cherished by the English people.

The excellence of her personal character and behaviour "as Princess, sister, daughter, wife, and mother," has been acknowledged; we appreciate, too, her intellectual aspirations and

PRINCESS SERGIUS OF RUSSIA
(ELIZABETH OF HESSE).THE LATE GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE
(PRINCESS ALICE OF GREAT BRITAIN).

Rosenhöhe, where they were soon joined by the good Grand Duchess herself; and there is a beautiful monument, by the sculptor Boehm, with her recumbent figure holding little "May" in her arms. There has now been laid, on Thursday, March 17, the body of the late Grand Duke, his funeral being attended by the Duke of Edinburgh, his brother-in-law, on behalf of our Queen, and by several of the German Princes, as well as by representatives of the German Emperor and the Empress Frederick. Imperial and royal titles on these sad occasions do not much alter the natural outflow of popular sympathy towards persons of any rank suffering family bereavement. "Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalium tangunt." But it is less of the Grand Duke of Hesse's death just now than of the life and death of the Grand Duchess in past years that the people of England are thinking. Alice Maud Mary of Great Britain, like her sister Victoria, was one of the best gifts that one great nation could ever give to another; for what is better than a good woman? Nor have such royal marriages in Germany, at least in this generation, deprived England of the affection of her illustrious daughters. "In that new home," says Sir Theodore Martin of Princess Alice, "brightened and ennobled at it was by her presence, her love for the home and country of her youth burned with a steady and ever-deepening glow. It is only those who know how strong is the mutual love by which the children of Queen Victoria are bound to their parent and to each other who can appreciate the passionate yearning towards England of the Princesses whose homes have been made elsewhere."

The body of the late Grand Duke of Hesse lay in state at Darmstadt. All the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men composing the garrison, about a thousand strong, filed through the mortuary chamber, which was ornamented in every part with flowers.

varied accomplishments, in which she resembled her father and her elder sister, the Empress Frederick; the zeal and practical good sense with which she laboured for the welfare of the poorer classes in some German cities, and her attendance, during the war of 1870, at the Darmstadt military hospital, aiding to nurse and soothe the wounded soldiers, French as well as German, sent in from the fields of battle. The Alice Hospital, the Alice Ladies' Union for charity, and the Alice Society for the employment of women and children arose from her benevolent and judicious efforts. With so much practical industry, and with a German housewife's punctual attention to domestic business, she yet found time for music and painting, for literary and scientific studies, and conversed freely with learned professors on the problems of philosophy and theology, in which she felt an earnest desire for truth. On these topics, indeed, her final conclusion, after the heart-experience of a great maternal sorrow, was thus expressed in her own words: "What should we be, what would become of us, if we had no faith, if we did not believe that there is a God who rules the world and each single one of us? I feel the necessity of prayer, I love to sing hymns with my children, and we have each our favourite hymn." The family disaster just alluded to, which happened in May 1873, was the death of her second little boy, Prince Fritz, in his third year, by falling out of a bed-room window. "My darling sweet child, to have lost him so!" And the mother was destined, a month before her own departure, in a house then full of beloved patients or convalescents from the most perilous illness, to lose another child, her "Sunshine," her "Darling May," as she called the little Princess Marie, four years and a half old. These infants were laid in the mausoleum of

PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA
(IRENE OF HESSE).PRINCESS LOUIS OF BATTENBERG
(VICTORIA OF HESSE).

PERSONAL.

The death of a man who had been Speaker of the House of Commons during three Parliaments, would, in any case, be a notable event.



THE LATE LORD HAMPTON.

Lord Rosebery has, after some hesitation, accepted the position of Chairman to the London County Council, though he has attached the condition that he is to be free to relinquish the position when the duties of the Council's officials have been reorganised. When Lord Rosebery retires it is probable that Lord Carrington will, if he show the required grasp of the business, be elected. However, at the Progressive meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel, Lord Carrington expressed his desire to serve in the ranks rather than at the head of London's Parliament; so that in any case it is doubtful whether he will, for some period at least, be asked to take Lord Rosebery's place. The three nominees of the Moderate Party for the aldermanship—Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Diggle, and Mr. Herbert Spencer—have all declined to stand.

The selection of the County Council aldermen is, considering the position of the Council, a good one. Sir John Lubbock heads the list with ninety votes, and closely following him is Mr. Benchcroft, one of the very ablest and most distinguished members of the Moderate Party. After him come Mr. Spicer (Chairman of the Finance Committee in the old Council), Mr. Hoare, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Stuart, M.P., the Rev. Fleming Williams, Mr. H. R. Taylor (Labour), and Mr. Ben Tillett (Labour); while Mr. William Phillips, the young Progressive, came within sixteen votes of success. An excellent Deputy Chairman has been unanimously appointed in the person of Mr. Dickinson, at a salary of £1500 a year; and Mr. Hutton, the Chairman of the Building Act Committee on the first Council, has been elected without opposition to the position of Vice-Chairman. In both cases, as with Lord Rosebery's election to the Chairmanship, these gentlemen were proposed by Progressives and seconded by Moderates.

It is understood that the amalgamation of the two chief Anti-Parnellite papers, the *Freeman's Journal* and the *National Press*, is fairly complete. The arrangement appears to be that the *National Press* is to have two representatives on the board of directors in the persons of Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., and Mr. Murphy, M.P., two of the original founders of the new journal. Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Sexton are also to have places on the board, but as all these gentlemen now represent the moderate section of the Anti-Parnellites, which is not entirely sympathetic to Mr. Healy, the old directorate will not be entirely swamped. There has been a rumour that the name of the *Freeman* is to be relegated to a sub-title, and that the joint paper is to be called the *National Press*; but this is absurd.

The long dispute as to the disposal of the Guelph Fund has finally ended. The Duke of Cumberland has done at length what his relatives in the royal House of England, and especially his uncle, the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, have urged him to do—namely, to renounce his claims to the throne of Hanover. This was the question over which the old King George of Hanover steadily held out for his rights. As a punishment for the part he played in the Austro-Prussian War, King George's funded and landed property was sequestrated by Prussia under the name of the "Guelph Fund." The property, which was worth over 40,000,000 marks (£2,000,000), was used by Bismarck in his most autocratic fashion, and practically formed into a kind of feeding-bottle for the "Reptile Press." The money was kept out of Parliamentary control, and was occasionally used for purposes which even the German Chancellor might have found it difficult to defend.

So long, however, as the Duke of Cumberland kept up the old tacit claims to the throne of Hanover nothing could be done by the German Emperor to place the Duke in possession of the family property. The Emperor required a formal act of submission, and this was not given. More prudent counsels, however, have prevailed, and the Duke has written a letter which has settled the dispute and secured the return of his fortune. The letter, which addresses the German Emperor as "Most High and Mighty Emperor and King, dear and friendly cousin and brother," goes on to declare: "As a German Prince, I love my German Fatherland truly and sincerely, and I expressly assure your Imperial and Royal Majesty that I will never knowingly cause or approve any unfriendly enterprise against your Majesty or the Prussian State, and that I will not enter upon or aid such undertaking, either directly or indirectly, with the means at my disposal, or with those which will come to me by the execution of the above-mentioned treaty." This practically implies the renunciation of all claim to the throne of Hanover, though it has been remarked that the language is a trifle veiled, that the Duke addresses the Emperor as "brother," and describes himself as a "First."

North American politics have lost a picturesque figure by the electoral defeat and subsequent retirement from public life of the Hon. Honoré Mercier, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Gregory the Great, and ex-Premier of the province of Quebec. For nearly five years Mr. Mercier has had no rival in French Canada. He reached the height of his ambition at the time when the country was in the throes of the dangerous Riel agitation, and by his fiery yetable championship of the cause of the half-breed rebel, which he cleverly identified with that of the French Canadian race and religion, he won the confidence of his compatriots, and laid the basis of a powerful national party. But unlimited power was too much for Mr. Mercier, and when, after the Dominion scandals of last session, the search-light came to be turned upon provincial affairs, a deplorable state of maladministration and political corruption was exposed. The methods of exposure were not, perhaps, always ideal, but the electors have decisively declared that they desire a less equivocal and expensive government; and Mr. Mercier has wisely bowed to the popular will, and returned, for a time at least, to "the labour of the fields" and to his legal sanctuary.

Mr. Eugene Stock, who sailed on March 18 on a visit to Australia as the specially chosen deputation of the Church

Missionary Society, has a world-wide reputation. He entered the service of the society as editorial secretary about twenty years ago, and it may without exaggeration be said that it is mainly owing to his indefatigable labours that the C.M.S. occupies its present prominent position. He has completely revolutionised the form and matter of missionary literature, with the result that the society's publications are now read by hundreds of thousands. But his work has been by no means confined to the editorial department. He has made his influence felt in every branch, and he has dealt with many difficult and thorny problems—e.g., the dispute with Bishop Blyth last year—with the ability of a statesman. Some seven years since he founded the *Gleaners' Union*, an institution "for prayer and work" in connection with foreign missions, which has spread to every part of the globe.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Mr. Ball, 17, Regent Street, S.W., for our portrait of the late General Sir George Harman; to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W., for that of the Duke of Rutland; to Mr. A. Nassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W., for those of the late Princess Alice, Princess Louis of Battenberg, Princess Sergius of Russia, and Princess Henry of Prussia; to Mr. C. Backofen, of Darmstadt, for those of Prince Ernest (now Grand Duke) and Princess Alix of Hesse; and to Mr. Owen, of Salisbury, for the photograph of the memorial of Richard Jefferies.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

When Mr. Balfour undertook the leadership of the House in the last Session of an expiring Parliament, he must have known that his path would not be flowery. Sometimes, as he sits on the Treasury Bench with a perturbed air, the First Lord reminds me of Ophelia, and I expect to see him stick quills in his hair, and hear him murmur to Mr. Goschen, "I would give you some roses, but they withered all when the Old Man died." Not the First Old Man, for he sits opposite Mr. Balfour with abounding energy written all over him, and ready to cast off the aspect of age as if it were a disguise, and proclaim himself in all the effervescence of what the actors call the "juvenile lead." No, it is the Second Old Man who was taken from us, and who certainly found more roses in the public business than his successor is likely to pluck. Bouquets of thorns are Mr. Balfour's portion—they crop up in every direction. How is the First Lord, who is properly anxious to keep the Parliamentary machine in the authorised groove, to be prepared to find it rushing off the rails into gullies like the enfranchisement of places of worship or the disputed votes of three directors of the Mombasa Railway? Now, the Second Old Man in such an emergency would have folded his hands with the most benevolent non-committal, especially when he saw a warning signal in Mr. Akers-Douglas's eye. But Mr. Balfour seizes the occasion to discourse at large with infinite ingenuity. He even tries a fall with the Parliamentary Conscience. Whatever you may say of commentary in general—Dr. Joseph Parker's and others—there is no doubt that the Parliamentary Conscience is the most stupendous of them all, especially when it is under the care of Mr. Swift MacNeill. That Keeper of the Universal Moral Sense was shocked by the votes of Sir John Puleston, Sir Lewis Pelly, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts in the division on the Mombasa Railway. Instead of bowing to the Parliamentary Conscience, Mr. Balfour must needs wrestle with it, split hairs and throw them in its teeth, which were speedily on edge. It was a performance which must have reminded Mr. Gladstone of many a doughty feat of his own in the same risky sport. But in this instance the wary old gladiator acted as bottleholder to the Parliamentary Conscience, nursing it on his knee, and at the call of time let it fly at the First Lord with a grip which threw that sportsman heavily.

The Deputy Serjeant, who has developed a strong nautical taste under the influence of Admiral Field, objects to my metaphor. He says the incident suggests to him a new version of an old ballad—

There were three men of London City
Took a boat and put to sea.
There was Puleston John and Lewis Pelly
And Burdett-Coutts, no less than he.
They hadn't got as far as Cape Lobby,
When Burdett-Coutts cried, "Here's a spree!
If that there ain't the Mombasa Railway!
Let's get the House to give it we!"
But Swift MacNeill cried out "Bogorra!
And shall a director vote his fee
Agin the Parliamentary Conscience—
That tender darlint, meanin' Me?"
Then up and spoke the Grand Old Skipper,
"Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee,
I surely fear these three directors
Will make no port on Balfour's lee."
Full tant and ready were the life-belts,
Pung right and left by Admiral B.
But Puleston John and Lewis Pelly
And Burdett-Coutts were corpses three.
And down to Davy Jones's locker,
While Swift MacNeill did grin with glee,
Went Puleston John and Lewis Pelly
And Burdett-Coutts, no less than he.

I do not wonder at the inspiration of the Deputy Serjeant, for ever since Admiral Field made his speech on the East-bourne question I have felt a tendency towards the hornpipe. Indeed, I proposed to the Serjeant that he should make a practice of entering the House, with me on his shoulder, in that rollicking measure, but he pleaded, not without reason, the difficulty of managing his sword. Never shall I forget the gallant Admiral's seamanship. He ran his craft alongside the Treasury Bench, and poured terrific broadsides into the Solicitor-General. The Admiral's speech did not carry the division, but it made him the Nelson of the hour. Everybody awaited his next engagement with breathless interest, but when he called attention to the paucity of officers and men in the Navy his solemnity emptied the benches. That the Navy is undermanned is one of those truisms which any Government is always ready to explain away. "Not enough gunners and firemen and stokers!" exclaims Red Tape in its suavest accents. "My dear good Admiral, you are misinformed. A Committee has reported in the vaguest possible terms that there may be nearly enough. Did you say that a mistake with the boilers of two ships had cost the country a great deal of money because the engineer is always up to experiments which turn out disastrously? My dear Sir, we are quite certain that the next boilers will not burst as soon as you expect."

No one is more familiar with these trusted old platitudes than Mr. Labouchere, but that does not account for his depression. "You see," he explains to the Deputy Serjeant, "I can't get over Edward Clarke's definition of holiness. He says it is abstention from drink and tobacco. Now, I can cultivate truth and expose rascals on a little seltzer-water, but I must smoke. It is very unkind of Clarke. He might, at least, have allowed me a suspicion of piety in spite of my cigarette."



THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE HARMAN.

Redan, and took back from the Crimea seven severe wounds. He was in the Indian Mutiny, and took part in the historic capture of Lucknow, his next notable service being in 1882 at Alexandria, where he commanded the base, and received the thanks of the Houses of Parliament. He has held numerous military appointments in all parts of the Empire, and his service with the Commander-in-Chief dates from 1885. He was a man of popular manners and agreeable presence.

A small audience gathered in the Imperial Theatre on March 21 to hear a lecture by Mr. Berry, who has recently resigned the office of public executioner. He stated that he had done so from conscientious scruples, and spoke strongly in favour of the abolition of capital punishment. He claimed that an executioner should be a humane man, and that he himself had made several improvements in the method of execution—that, for instance, he had abolished the steps up to the gallows, the ascent of which was frequently very difficult to the condemned man. Mr. Berry, who read his lecture with a northern accent, a clear voice, and a disregard for the aspirate, is a stout fresh-coloured man. The lecture itself was disconnected and florid in style, but it contained none of those gruesome details which a part of the audience had expected. A petition for the abolition of capital punishment was lying, awaiting signatures, in the Royal Aquarium.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen is to return to Windsor Castle from the Continent on either April 22 or 23, and on May 20 her Majesty will proceed to Balmoral, and the Court is to remain in Scotland until after Ascot race week.

Her Majesty's original plan for this spring (says *Truth*) was to pass a month at Florence, and then return home through Germany, in order that she might visit the Empress Frederick at Cronburg, in the Taunus country. When the idea of Florence was given up, the Queen expressed a wish to stay for a few weeks at some place on the coast of the Mediterranean, between Genoa and Spezia. This district was for several years the favourite spring resort of the Empress Frederick when she was Crown Princess of Prussia, and she usually stayed at a beautiful village named Santa Margherita, which is near Rapallo, and surrounded by most romantic scenery. The Queen's courier traversed the whole district from Nervi to Spezia, but could nowhere discover an eligible residence which would afford the required accommodation, and her Majesty then decided to fall back on the Riviera, the choice finally resting between Cap Martin and Costebelle.

The Grand Duke of Hesse (says the *World*) whose lamented death has deeply affected the Queen, and has caused all the immediate Court arrangements to be postponed, had been in failing health for a long time, and he never recovered from the worry and excitement which he went through during the spring of 1884, after hismorganatic marriage with Madame de Salomine, an event which considerably and permanently strained his relations with the old Emperor William, the Emperor Frederick, the Emperor of Russia, and the Queen. The Grand Duke occasionally visited England of late years, but had rarely been seen at the Russian or Prussian Courts. He preferred to remain quietly at home, surrounded by a small circle of friends, living at Darmstadt during the winter, and at his various country seats during the summer and autumn. He spent two winters on the Mediterranean for the benefit of his health, but Paris was always his favourite resort, and he often passed a fortnight there, maintaining such a strict incognito that his visits never reached the newspapers.

Parliament has made small progress with the public business, despite the demands of the Government upon the time of the House of Commons. The Estimates are scarcely under weigh when they are interrupted by points of etiquette like the vote of the Mombasa directors, which landed Mr. Balfour in a minority, and by the everlasting tattoo of the Salvationist drum. "General" Booth has achieved a signal victory in the House over Major Morrison, and the enfranchisement of the leaseholds of Nonconformist places of worship has triumphed over Mr. Talbot. Among the disagreeable incidents which have thrust themselves between Mr. Balfour and the Appropriation Bill is the expulsion of Mr. G. W. Hastings, late member for East Worcestershire, and now under going five years' penal servitude for fraud.

Mr. Wolff, of the shipping firm of Harland and Wolff, had an easy victory over Sir William Charley, his Conservative opponent, in the election for East Belfast. Mr. Dalziel defeated the Unionist candidate for the Kirkcaldy Burghs by a slightly smaller majority than Sir George Campbell's in 1886. In North Wexford, vacated by Mr. John Redmond, an Anti-Parnellite has been returned unopposed, a circumstance supposed by some optimists to herald the reunion of the Irish parties.

As the Labour Commission is hastening its rather random deliberations, there is a rumour that the Government propose to introduce a strong Employers' Liability Bill to bid for the labour vote. This would mean the extinction of the Irish Local Government Bill, which is already somewhat spectral, if not of the Small Holdings Bill also. But these calculations are all in the air, like the speculations of the *Times* as to the General Election. The upshot of these studies is that ninety-two seats are doubtful, and that if they all go Liberal Mr. Gladstone will have a majority of seventy-nine; but, if they all go Unionist, the Government will have a majority of 105, while, if they are divided, this majority will be only fifteen. Nobody can say that the arithmetician of Printing House Square is not cautious.

The Progressives have been exulting over their triumph. They exulted at a Reform Club dinner, given by Mr. Causton to a number of his fellow-Liberals, greatly to the disgust of the Unionist members of the club. They exulted in East Finsbury, when Lord Rosebery showed that Lord Randolph Churchill had flattered him by comparing him to Machiavelli. They have exulted in the newspapers, despite the gallant attempt of Lord Wemyss to turn the scale by announcing that one of these days there will be a branch of the Liberty and Property Defence League in every division of the Metropolis.

Unfortunately for Lord Wemyss, it is the opinion of many Conservatives that his "serious jokes," as Lord Rosebery calls them, point only to disaster. Mr. Herbert Spencer, as might have been expected, has declined to be nominated as an alderman of the London County Council. Even if Mr. Spencer's health permitted him to take part in public affairs, what on earth could he do in a gallery where he would scarcely find a congenial spirit?

The miners have struck, and about half a million of men are supposed to be out of work. Their case is that the strike is necessary to put an end to suicidal competition which keeps down prices. The answer of the masters is that the trade has never attained the magnitude upon the faith of which wages were last raised, and that consumers will not buy at the present prices. Another point of view relates to the mining royalties, which, it is contended, are so unreasonable as to amount to blackmail. The owner of the lease reaps his royalty on the coal whether it is dug up or not, and at the expiration of the lease will renew it only on the condition that he charges the royalty on the same coal over again. These assertions demand some inquiry; but the amount of available information is rather scanty, and the consumer knows little save that trade is threatened with paralysis.

The railway companies are naturally amongst the first to economise in view of the crisis. The North-Eastern Railway, for instance, has withdrawn 180 trains from its service.

The Irish non-Episcopal ministers have made another appeal to the Nonconformists of Great Britain to defeat Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. Home Rule, say the Ulster Presbyterians,

must lead to "a sanguinary civil war," though the reasons assigned for this apprehension are purely rhetorical. That the apprehension is sincere there can be no question, and Mr. Gladstone has to reckon with a Presbyterian panic among the elements of his difficult task.

There has been much discussion of a protest by Mr. Robert Buchanan against the sentence of death on two of the Aylesbury poachers. It is alleged that they were assaulted by the gamekeepers, heavily armed, two of whom were killed in the mêlée, not deliberately murdered. As the poachers must have been perfectly well known to the keepers, it is hard to understand why the latter were not content to arrest them in their homes next day, or put the police on their track. But it is one of the peculiarities of the Game Laws that they must be upheld by armed force, and that poachers must be killed or taken on the spot. This is a system of which public opinion is a little weary, especially as the unlimited preservation of game is a constant temptation. If a man knocks over a pheasant, it is rather barbarous that he should be liable to have his skull stove in by a keeper, unless he can do the same for his assailant. This is not law, but social war.

Berry, the ex-hangman, seems to have little chance of converting his audiences to the belief that capital punishment is wrong. His reasoning may be most cogent, but, after all, he was the hangman, a disagreeable fact which tells against his persuasive rhetoric.

Mr. Robert Peel has distinguished himself by winning heavily at Monte Carlo. He won £12,500, and had the excellent sense to send £5000 home with a friend, who placed it beyond his reach for the time. The rest of Mr. Peel's gains reverted to the bank, but he plumes himself with much hereditary grace on the salvation of the £5000.

In the northerly gale that prevailed several days on our coasts, an iron steam-vessel, called the County of Salop, belonging to Messrs. Abrahams, of Liverpool, was wrecked on March 10 in Widemouth Bay, near Bude. She was bound from Havre to Swansea, with little cargo, but had thirty persons on board. An attempt was made to anchor in the bay. When her cables had parted, drifting on the rocks at Wansome-mouth, at four in the afternoon, she presently stranded, and the sea washed over her. The Bude lifeboat was sent for, but could not be launched in such



WRECK OF A STEAMER NEAR BUDE, NORTH COAST OF CORNWALL.

a sea. The vessel lay under the base of the cliffs, two hundred yards from shore, and no boat could approach her. The coastguard men of Bude soon arrived with the rocket and line apparatus. It was admirably worked by them, under the chief officer, Mr. Hallam; and all on board the ship were saved in the course of an hour, while there was yet daylight. These included one woman, the wife of Captain Evans, the master, with her baby a few months old, who were received and cared for at Penhault, a house on the top of the cliff. Our illustration of the wreck is from a photograph by Messrs. Hayman and Son, Launceston.

There is an agitation on foot for the mitigation of the sentence of nine months' imprisonment passed upon Mrs. Osborne by Mr. Justice Smith, but the sentence is generally regarded as lenient, and the hard labour attached to it is merely formal. Moreover, by reason of this very condition Mrs. Osborne will get better nourishment than she would otherwise receive.

Mr. Labouchere has received many congratulations on his zeal and persistence in detecting and bringing to justice the scoundrel Morland, who has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for blackmail of the grossest kind.

The opposition to the Education Bill has proved too strong even for the German Emperor to ignore it, and it is now understood that the matter will be settled by a compromise. The Government, while holding that religion should form the basis of popular education, will accept such amendments as will deprive this measure of its sectarian character.

But if disposed to yield to public opinion on the Education question, the German Emperor is none the less determined to punish the newspapers which criticize his speeches, and to the list of journals to be prosecuted for *Majestäts-beleidigung* must be added the *Beobachter*, a Radical paper of Hesse. The offence of the *Beobachter* consists in having reprinted the leading articles of an English newspaper on the Emperor's "grumblers' speech." It is said that since William the Second's accession 750 trials of persons charged with insult to the dignity of the Sovereign have taken place before the tribunals of the Empire.

A rather uneasy feeling has been prevailing lately in French political circles, owing to the dead set made in some quarters against President Carnot. It was thought that the anti-Presidential campaign would end with the Ministerial crisis which caused it; but it is being carried on with renewed vigour. President Carnot is accused by some of the ultra-Radical papers of having tried to bring about a reconciliation between the Catholic Church and the Republic. Of

course, from the Radical point of view this is a heinous offence, although to the unsophisticated mind such a reconciliation would appear rather desirable than otherwise, as being likely to give good results. But there is no truth in the accusation. The conclusion, therefore, arrived at by many shrewd observers is that behind this newspaper agitation there is a deeper game being played in view of the next Presidential election, some two years hence. This is, indeed, taking time by the forelock.

The French capital has been the scene of two abominable dynamite outrages in less than a week, and coming so soon after the explosion before the house of the Princesse de Sagan, they have created considerable excitement. It was thought at first that the last-mentioned outrage was directed against the Spanish Embassy, which, until a comparatively recent time, occupied a house not far from that of the Princess. But the subsequent explosions in the house of two judges on March 11 and at the Lobau Barracks on March 15 conclusively prove that there is a serious dynamite conspiracy, which is, no doubt, carried on by Anarchists. For it is believed that the object of the outrage on March 11 was to blow up the residence of M. Benoit, a judge who lately tried several Anarchists; while there can be no doubt that the explosion of March 15 was directed against the soldiers of the Republican Guard, or Paris Constabulary, none of whom, luckily, were hurt, and who are, as a matter of course, hated by Anarchists and the like. A Bill was immediately drawn up and submitted to the French Chambers making the destruction of buildings by means of explosives an offence punishable with death. It is to be hoped that this drastic measure will have the desired effect and act as a deterrent on evildoers.

An unpleasant affair occurred in Paris a few days ago, when Mr. Purdie, a member of the University of Cambridge, and his brother, a lad of fourteen, were arrested at the Auteuil races, having been pointed out to the police by an excitable woman as pickpockets who had just stolen her purse. Of course the woman was mistaken; but, although Mr. Purdie, on being taken to the police-station, told the officer in charge that he was staying at the Grand Hôtel, where papers would be found to establish his identity, he and his brother were looked up, and were only released, four days later, through the intervention of the British Embassy. It may be, and it is very likely true, that the police have no other course open to them but to arrest persons given in charge by people who have been victimized by pickpockets; but it is a little singular that the wrongly arrested persons should be kept in jail four days, when, with very slight trouble, their identity and respectability might have been ascertained in a few hours. Mr. Purdie and his brother, during their confinement, were somewhat roughly treated, and were measured and photographed by the officers of the Anthropometrical Department together with a number of criminals. Representations have been made to the French Government by the British Embassy on instructions sent by Lord Salisbury, and it is hoped that the French Government will be willing to give redress for the injury done to two innocent persons. Certainly these things are ordered better in this country, for people who have been arrested one day are taken before a police magistrate the next.

In Vienna, where the number of unemployed is, if anything, on the increase, the distribution of bread has been stopped and a better system of relief has been organised. It was high time that public charity was properly regulated, for it is anticipated that greater distress even than at present will prevail a little later on.

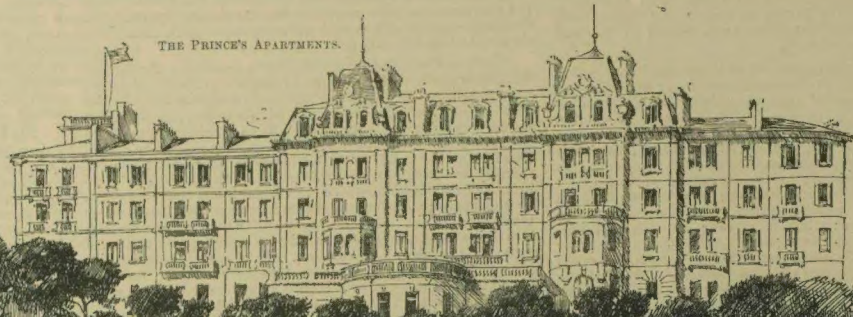
Talking of distress naturally reminds one of Russia. Reports from the governments of Smolensk and Radom and from other districts state that the peasants are still in a critical condition, and that when the thaw sets in they will be in a more pitiable plight still on account of the inundations, which have prevented or mitigated the effects of possible insufficient harvests in the future, the Council of the Empire has sanctioned a scheme for the creation of public granaries, from which seed corn will be lent to the peasants in the spring, which they will have to return in the autumn, and for the establishment of special bureaux, whose business it will be to report each year upon the corn harvest throughout the empire. The new scheme will not come into operation until next year.

It was hoped, last year, after the disastrous floods in Spain, that something would be done to prevent the recurrence of similar calamities. Public works were to be undertaken to protect the towns and villages situated in the districts which are periodically flooded. How far these schemes have been realised I am unable to say, but it is now reported from Andalusia, Murcia, and Estremadura that the country is under water, and that railway and telegraphic communications are interrupted or much delayed. In Andalusia the Guadalquivir has risen to such an extent that fears are entertained of the safety of some of the districts it traverses, and railway communication has been interrupted entirely. Appeals are being made to the Government by the mayors of the flooded districts, and Queen Christina has sent 100,000 pesetas from her private purse for the relief of the sufferers.

From Belgium has come the news of a terrible catastrophe which took place on March 11 in the Mons mining district. An explosion of fire-damp occurred in one of the pits of the Anderlaes Colliery, where some 250 miners were at work. Rescuing parties were soon on the spot, and sixty-three men were taken out unhurt, and twenty more or less injured; but a terrible fire broke out in the mine while the work of rescue was going on, and it had to be abandoned. It is feared that more than 150 men have been killed by this calamitous explosion. This dreadful accident closes the long list of the distressing events by which the week has been saddened.

There is nothing new in the situation of the Behring Sea question. Great Britain has refused to renew the *modus vivendi* of last year for the regulation of the seal fisheries, while the United States insists that it ought to be renewed pending arbitration, and there the matter rests for the present.

In East Africa there has been some trouble lately. The African Lakes Company has received intelligence of a disaster at Fort Johnston, in which Mr. King and Dr. Watson were wounded, and four soldiers killed and six wounded. The natives are said to have captured the gun belonging to the expedition. It will be remembered that some time ago another expedition met with a similar reverse. X.



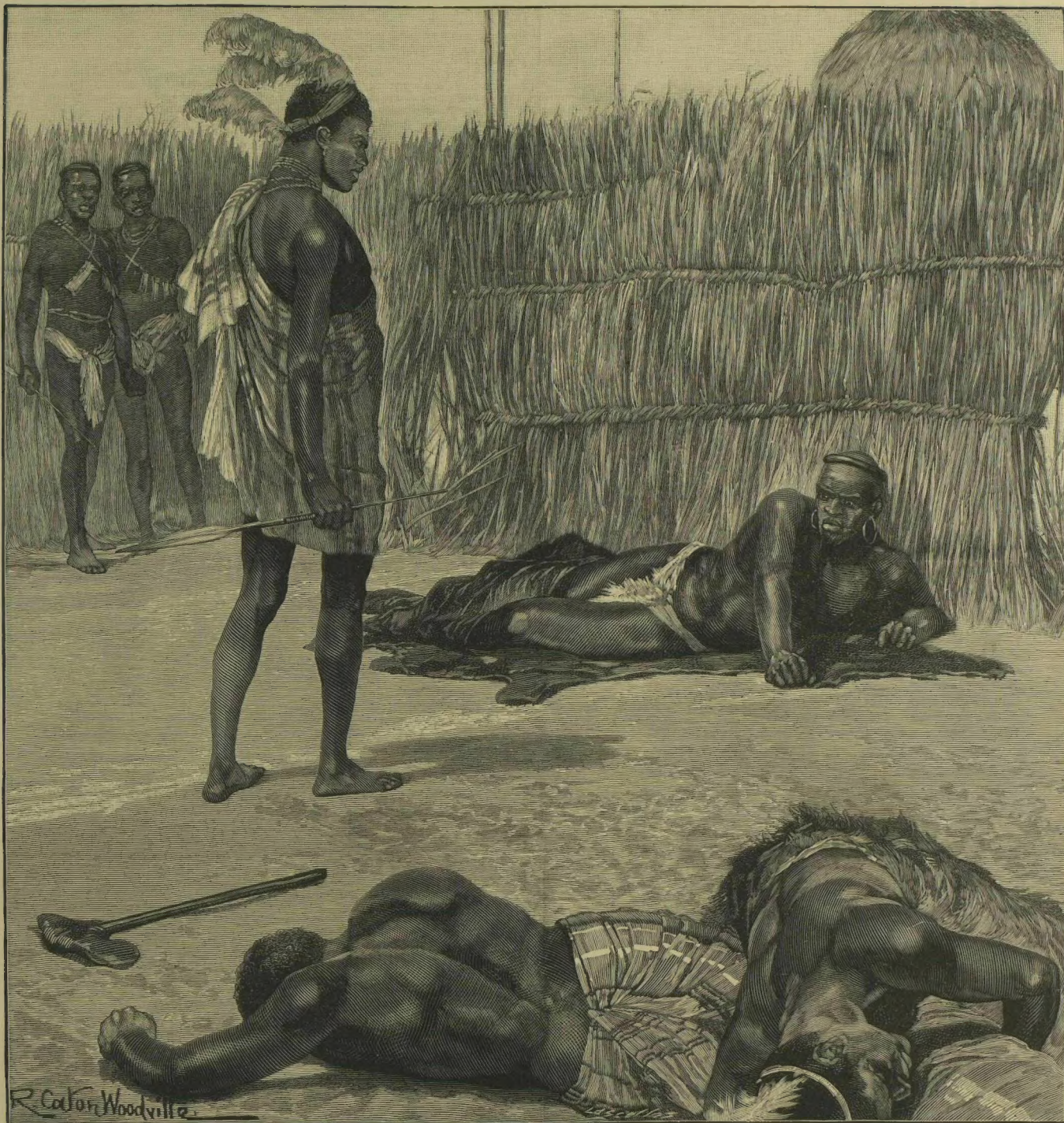
CAP MARTIN HOTEL.



THE PRINCE OF WALES
AT
CAP MARTIN.

Sketches by our Special Artist.

A WALK ROUND THE CAP.



Chaka sank down on the tanned ox-hide, and lay there dying.

NADA THE LILY.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEATH OF CHAKA.

Now, on the morrow, two hours before midday, Chaka came from the hut where he had sat through the night, and moved to a little kraal surrounded by a fence that was some fifty paces distant from the hut. For it was my duty, day by day, to choose that place where the king should sit to hear the counsel of his indunas, and give judgment on those whom he would kill, and to-day I had chosen this place. Chaka went alone from his hut to the kraal, and, for my own reasons, I accompanied him, walking after him. As we went the king glanced back at me over his shoulder, and said in a low voice—

"Is all prepared, Mopo?"

"All is prepared, Black One," I answered. "The regiment of the Slayers will be here by noon."

"Where are the princes, Mopo?" asked the king again.

"The princes sit with their wives in the houses of their women, O King," I answered; "they drink beer and sleep in the laps of their wives."

Chaka smiled grimly, "For the last time, Mopo!"

"For the last time, O King."

We came to the kraal, and Chaka sat down in the shade of the reed fence, upon an ox-hide that was brayed soft. Near to him stood a girl holding a gourd of beer; there were also present the old chief Inguzonca, brother of Unandi, Mother of the Heavens, and the chief Umxamama, whom Chaka loved. When we had sat a little while in the kraal, certain men came in bearing cranes' feathers, which the king had sent them to gather a month's journey from the kraal Duguza, and they were admitted before the king. These men had been away long upon their errand, and Chaka was angry with them. Now, the leader of the men was an old captain of Chaka's, who had fought under him in many battles, but whose service was done, because his right hand had been shorn away by the blow of an axe. He was a great man and very brave.

Chaka asked the man why he had been so long in finding the feathers, and he answered that the birds had flown from that part of the country whither he was sent, and he must wait there till they returned, that he might snare them.

"Thou shouldst have followed the cranes, thou disobedient

dog!" said the king. "Let him be taken away, and all those who were with him."

Now, some of the men prayed a little for mercy, but the captain did but salute the king, calling him "Father," and craving a boon before he died.

"What wouldst thou?" asked Chaka.

"My father," said the man, "I would ask thee two things. I have fought many times at thy side in battle while we both were young; nor did I ever turn my back upon the foe. The blow that shored the hand from off this arm was aimed at thy head, O King; I stayed it with my naked arm. It is nothing; at thy will I live, and at thy will I die. Who am I that I should question the word of the king? Yet I would ask this, that thou wilt withdraw the kaross from about thee, O King, that for the last time my eyes may feast themselves upon the body of him whom, above all men, I love."

"Thou art long-winded," said the king, "what more?"

"This, my father—that I may bid farewell to my son; he is a little child, so high, O King," and he held his hand above his knee.

"Thy first boon is granted," said the king, slipping the

across from his shoulders and showing the great breast beneath. "For the second it shall be granted also, for I will not willingly divide the father and the son. Bring the boy here; thou shalt bid him farewell, then thou shalt slay him with thine own hand ere thou thyself art slain; it will be good sport to see."

Now the man turned grey beneath the blackness of his skin, and trembled a little as he murmured, "The king's will is the will of his servant; let the child be brought."

But I looked at Chaka and saw that the tears were running down his face, and that he only spoke thus to try the captain who loved him to the last.

"Let the man go," said the king, "him and those with him."

So they went glad at heart and praising the king.

I have told you this, my father, though it has not to do with my story, because then, and then only, did I ever see Chaka show mercy to one whom he had doomed to die.

As the captain and his people left the gate of the kraal, it was spoken in the ear of the king that a man sought audience of him. He was admitted crawling on his knees. I looked and saw that this was that Masilo whom Chaka had charged with a message to him who was named Bulalo, or the Slaughterer, and who ruled over the People of the Axe. It was Masilo indeed, but he was no longer fat, for much travel had made him thin; moreover, on his back were the marks of rods, as yet scarcely healed over.

"Who art thou?" said Chaka.

"I am Masilo, of the People of the Axe, to whom command was given to run with a message to Bulalo the Slaughterer, their chief, and to return on the thirtieth day. Behold, O King, I have returned, though in a sorry plight!"

"It seems so!" said the king, laughing aloud. "I remember now; speak on, Masilo the Thin, who wast Masilo the Fat; what of this Slaughterer? Does he come with his people to lay the axe Groam-Maker in his hands?"

"Nay, O King, he comes not. He met me with scorn, and with scorn he drove me from his kraal. Moreover, as I went I was seized by the servants of Zinita, she whom I wooed, but who is now the wife of the Slaughterer, and laid on my face upon the ground and beaten cruelly while Zinita numbered the strokes."

"Hah!" said the king. "And what were the words of this puppy?"

"These were his words, O King: 'Bulalo the Slaughterer, who sits beneath the shadow of the Witch Mountain, to Bulalo the Slaughterer who sits in the kraal Dugaza—To thee I pay no tribute; if thou wouldst have the axe Groam-Maker, come to the Ghost Mountain and take it. This I promise thee: thou shalt look on a face thou knowest, for there is one there who would be avenged for the blood of a certain Mopo.'"

Now, while Masilo told this tale I had seen two things—first, that a little piece of stick was thrust through the straw of the fence, and, secondly, that the regiment of the Bees was clustering on the slope opposite to the kraal in obedience to the summons I had sent them in the name of Umhlangana. The stick told me that the princes were hidden behind the fence waiting the signal, and the coming of the regiment that it was time to do the deed.

When Masilo had spoken Chaka sprang up in fury. His eyes rolled, his face worked, foam flew from his lips, for such words as these had never offended his ears since he was king, and Masilo knew him little, else he had not dared to utter them.

For a while he gasped, shaking his small spear, for at first he could not speak. At length he found words—

"The dog," he hissed, "the dog who dares thus to spit in my face! Hearken all! As with my last breath I command that this Slaughterer be torn limb from limb, he and all his tribe! And thou, thou darest to bring me this talk from a skunk of the mountains! And thou, too, Mopo, thy name is named in it. Well, of thee presently. Ho! Umxamama, my servant, slay me this slave of a messenger, beat out his brains with thy stick. Swift! swift!"

Now, the old chief Umxamama sprang up to do the king's bidding, but he was feeble with age, and the end of it was that Masilo, being mad with fear, killed Umxamama, not Umxamama Masilo. Then Ingauzaca, brother of Unandi, Mother of the Heavens, fell upon Masilo and ended him, but was hurt himself in so doing. Now I looked at Chaka, who stood shaking the little red spear, and thought swiftly, for the hour had come.

"Help!" I cried, "one is slaying the king!"

As I spoke the red fence burst asunder, and through it plunged the princes Umhlangana and Dingaan, as bulls plunge through a brake.

Then I pointed to Chaka with my withered hand, saying, "Behold your king!"

Now, from beneath the shelter of his kaross each prince drew out a short stabbing spear, and plunged it into the body of Chaka the king. Umhlangana smote him on the left shoulder, Dingaan struck him in the right side. Chaka dropped the little spear handled with the red wood and looked round, and so royally that the princes, his brothers, grew afraid and slunk away from him.

Twice he looked on each; then he spoke, saying: "What! do you slay me, my brothers—dogs of mine own house, whom I have fed? Do you slay me, thinking to possess the land and to rule it? I tell you it shall not be for long. I hear a sound of running feet—the feet of a great white people. They shall stamp you flat, children of my father! They shall rule the land that I have won, and you and your people shall be their slaves!"

Thus Chaka spoke while the blood ran down him to the ground, and again he looked on them royally, like a buck at gaze.

"Make an end, O ye who would be kings!" I cried; but their hearts had turned to water and they could not. Then I, Mopo, sprang forward and picked from the ground that little assegai handled with the royal wood—the same assegai with which Chaka had murdered Unandi, his mother, and Moosa, my son, and lifted it on high, and while I lifted it, my father, once more, as when I was young, a red veil seemed to wave before my eyes.

"Wherefore wouldst thou kill me, Mopo?" said the king.

"For the sake of Baleka, my sister, to whom I swore the deed, and of all my kin," I cried, and plunged the spear through him. He sank down upon the tanned ox-hide, and lay there dying. Once more he spoke, and once only, saying: "Would now that I had hearkened to the voice of Nobela, who warned me against thee, thou dog!" Then he was silent for ever. But I knelt over him and called in his ear the names of all those of my blood who had died at his hands—the name of Makedama, my father, of my mother, of Anadi my wife, of Moosa my son, and all my other wives and children, and of Baleka my sister. His eyes and ears were open, and I think, my father, that he saw and understood: I think also that the hate upon my face as I shook my withered hand before him was more fearful to him than the pain of death. At the least, he turned his head aside, shut his eyes, and groaned. Presently they opened again, and he was dead.

Thus then, my father, did Chaka the king, the greatest

man who has ever lived in Zululand, and the most evil, pass by my hand to those kraals of the Inkosuzana where no sleep is. In blood he died as he had lived in blood, for the climber at last falls with the tree, and in the end the swimmer is borne away by the stream. Now he trod that path which had been beaten flat for him by the feet of people whom he had slaughtered, many as the blades of grass upon a mountain-side; but it is a lie to say, as some do, that he died a coward, praying for mercy. Chaka died as he had lived, a brave man. Oh! my father, I know it, for these eyes saw it and this hand let out his life.

Now he was dead, and the regiment of the Bees drew near, nor could I know how they would take this matter, for, though the Prince Umhlangana was their general, yet all the soldiers loved the king, because he had no equal in battle, and when he gave his word it was open hand. I looked round; the princes stood like men amazed; the girl had fled; the chief Umxamama was dead at the hands of dead Masilo; and the old chief Ingauzaca, who had killed Masilo, stood by, hurt and wondering; there were no others in the kraal.

"Awake, ye kings!" I cried to the brothers, "the impi is at the gates! Swift now, stab that man!"—and I pointed to the old chief— "and leave the matter to my wit."

Then Dingaan roused himself, and springing upon Ingauzaca, the brother of Unandi, smote him a great blow with his spear, so that he sank down dead without a word. Then again the princes stood silent and amazed.

"This one will tell no tales," I cried, pointing to the fallen chief.

Now, a rumour of the slaying had got abroad among the women, who had heard cries and seen the flashing of spears above the fence, and from the women it had come to the regiment of the Bees, who advanced to the gates of the kraal singing. Then of a sudden they ceased their singing and rushed towards the little kraal where we stood.

Then I ran to meet them, uttering cries of woe, holding in my hand the little assegai of the king red with the king's blood, and spoke with the captains in the gate, saying—

"Lament, ye captains and ye soldiers, weep and lament, for your father is no more! He who nursed you is no more! The king is dead! Now earth and heaven will come together, for the king is dead!"

"How so, Mopo?" cried the leader of the Bees. "How is our father dead?"

"He is dead by the hand of a wicked wanderer named Masilo, who, when he was doomed to die by the king, snatched this assegai from the king's hand and stabbed him; and afterwards, before he could be cut down himself by us three, the princes and myself, he killed the chiefs Ingauzaca and Umxamama also. Draw near and look on him who was the king; it is the command of Dingaan and Umhlangana, the kings, that you draw near and look on him who was the king, that his death at the hand of Masilo may be told through all the land."

"You are better at making of kings, Mopo, than at the saving of one who was your king from the stroke of a wanderer," said the leader of the Bees, looking at me doubtfully.

But his words passed unheeded, for some of the captains went forward to look on the Great One who was dead, and some, together with most of the soldiers, ran this way and that, crying in their fear that now the heaven and earth would come together, and the race of man would cease to be, because Chaka the king was dead.

Now, my father, how shall I, whose days are few, tell you of all the matters that happened after the death of Chaka? Were I to speak of them all they would fill many books of the white men, and, perhaps, some of them are written down there. For this reason it is, that I may be brief, I have only spoken of a few of those events which befell in the reign of Chaka; for my tale is not of the reign of Chaka, but of the lives of a handful of people who lived in those days, and of whom I and Umslopogass alone are left alive. I, indeed, Umslopogass, the son of Chaka, is still living on the earth. Therefore, in a few words I will pass over all that came about after the fall of Chaka and till I was sent down by Dingaan the king to summon him to surrender to the king who was called the Slaughterer and who ruled the People of the Axe. Ah! would that I had known for certain that this was none other than Umslopogass, for then had Dingaan gone the way that Chaka went and which Umhlangana followed, and Umslopogass had ruled the people of the Zulus as their king. But, alas! my wisdom failed me. I paid no heed to the voice of my heart which told me that this was Umslopogass who sent the message to Chaka threatening vengeance for one Mopo, and I knew nothing till too late; surely, I thought, the man spoke of some other Mopo. For thus, my father, does destiny make fools of us men. We think that we can shape our fate, but it is fate that shapes us, and nothing befalls except fate will it. All things are a great pattern, my father, drawn by the hand of the Unkulunkulu upon the cup whence he drinks the water of his wisdom; and our lives, and what we do, and what we do not do, are but a little bit of the pattern, which is so big that only the eye of Him who is above, the Unkulunkulu, can see it all. Even Chaka, the slayer of men, and all those he slew, are but as a tiny grain of dust in the greatness of that pattern. How, then, can we be wise, my father, who are but the tools of wisdom? how can we build who are but pebbles in a wall? how can we give life who are babes in the womb of fate? or how can we slay who are but spears in the hands of the slayer?

This came about, my father. Matters were made straight in the land after the death of Chaka. At first people said that Masilo, the stranger, had stabbed the king; then it was known that Mopo, the wise man, the doctor and body-servant of the king, had slain the king, and that the two great bulls, his brothers Umhlangana and Dingaan, children of Senzangaona, had also lifted spears against him. But he was dead, and earth and heaven had not come together, so what did it matter? Moreover, the two new kings promised to deal gently with the people, and to lighten the heavy yoke of Chaka, and men in a bad case are always ready to hope for a better. So it came about that the only enemies the princes found were each other and Engwade, the son of Unandi, Chaka's half-brother. But I, Mopo, who was now the first man in the land after the kings, ceasing to be a doctor and becoming a general, went up against Engwade with the regiment of the Bees and the regiment of the Slayers and smote him in his kraals. It was a hard fight, but in the end I destroyed him and all his people: Engwade killed eight men with his own hand before I slew him. Then I came back to the kraal with the few that were left alive of the two regiments.

After that the two kings quarrelled more and more, and I weighed them both in my balance, for I would know which was the most favourable to me. In the end I found that both feared me, but that Umhlangana would certainly put me to death if he gained the upper hand, whereas this was not yet in the mind of Dingaan. So I pressed down the balance of Umhlangana and raised that of Dingaan, sending the fears of Umhlangana to sleep till I could cause his hut to be surrounded. Then Umhlangana followed upon the road of Chaka

his brother, the road of the assegai; and Dingaan ruled alone for awhile. Such are the things that befall princes of this earth, my father. See, I am but a little man, and my lot is humble at the last, yet I have brought about the death of three of them, and of these two died by my hand.

It was fourteen days after the passing away of the Prince Umhlangana that the great army came back in a sorry plight from the marshes of the Limpopo, for half of them were left dead of fever and the might of the foe, and the rest were starving. It was well for them who yet lived that Chaka was no more, else they had joined their brethren who were dead on the way; since never before for many years had a Zulu impi returned unvictorious and without a single head of cattle. Thus it came about that they were glad enough to welcome a king who spared their lives, and therefore, till his fate found him, Dingaan reigned unquestioned.

Now, Dingaan was a prince of the blood of Chaka indeed; for, like Chaka, he was great in presence and cruel at heart, but he had not the might and the mind of Chaka. Moreover, he was treacherous and a liar, and this Chaka was not. Also, he loved women much, and spent with them the time that he should have given to matters of the State. Yet he reigned awhile in the land. I must tell this also: that Dingaan would have killed Panda, his half-brother, so that the house of Senzangaona, his father, might be swept out clean. Now, Panda was a man of gentle heart, who did not love war, and therefore it was thought that he was half-witted; and, because I loved Panda, when the question of his slaying came on, I and the chief Mapita spoke against it, and pleaded for him, saying that there was nothing to be feared at his hands who was a fool. So in the end Dingaan gave way, saying, "Well, you ask me to spare this dog and I will spare him, but one day he will bite me."

So Panda was made governor of the king's cattle. Yet in the end the words of Dingaan came true, for it was the grip of Panda's teeth that pulled him from the throne; only, if Panda was the dog that bit, I, Mopo, was the man who set him on the hunt.

CHAPTER XXII.

MPO GOES TO SEEK THE SLAUGHTERER.

Now, Dingaan, deserting the kraal Dugaza, moved back to Zululand, and built a great kraal by the Mhlabalet, which he named "Umngugudhlovu"—that is, "the rumbling of the elephant." Also, he caused all the fairest girls in the land to be sought out as his wives, and though many were found yet he craved for more. And at this time a rumour came to the ears of the King Dingaan that there lived in Swaziland among the Halakazi tribe a girl of the most wonderful beauty, who was named the Lily, and whose skin was whiter than are the skins of our people, and he desired greatly to have this girl to wife. So Dingaan sent an embassy to the chief of the Halakazi, demanding that the girl should be given to him. At the end of a month the embassy returned, but hard words to the kraal of the Halakazi, and had been driven thence with scorn and blows. This was the message of the chief of the Halakazi to Dingaan, King of the Zulus: That the maid who was named the Lily was, indeed, the wonder of the earth, and as yet unwed; for she had found no man upon whom she looked with favour, and she was held in such love by this people that it was not their wish to force any husband on her. Moreover, the chief said that he and his people defied Dingaan and the Zulus, as their fathers had defied Chaka before him, and spat upon his name, and that no maid of theirs should go to be the wife of a Zulu dog. Then the chief of the Halakazi caused the maid who was named the Lily to be led before the messengers of Dingaan, and they found her wonderfully fair, for so they said: she was tall as a reed, and her grace was the grace of a reed that is shaken in the wind. Moreover, her hair curled, and hung upon her shoulders, her eyes were large and brown, and soft as a buck's, her colour was the colour of rich cream, her smile was like a ripple on the waters, and when she spoke her voice was low and sweeter than the sound of an instrument of music. They said also that the girl wished to speak with them, but the chief forbade it, and caused her to be led thence with all honour.

Now, when Dingaan heard this message he grew mad as a lion in a net, for he desired this maid above everything, and yet he who had all things could not win the maid. This was his command, that a great impi should be gathered and sent to Swaziland against the Halakazi tribe, to destroy them and seize the maid. But when the matter came on to be discussed with the indunas in the presence of the king, at the Amagakati or council, I, as chief of the indunas, spoke against it, saying that the tribe of the Halakazi were great and strong, and that war with them would mean war with the Swazis also; moreover, they had their dwelling in caves, which were hard to win. Also, I said, that this was no time to send impi to seek a single girl, for few years had gone by since the Black One fell; and foes were many, and the soldiers of the land had waxed few with slaughter, half of them having perished in the marshes of the Limpopo. Now, time must be given them to grow up again, for to-day they were as a little child, or like a man wasted with hunger. Maids were many; let the king take them and satisfy his heart, but let him make no war for this one.

Thus I spoke boldly in the face of the king, as none had dared to speak before Chaka; and courage passed from me to the hearts of the other indunas and generals, and they echoed my words, for they knew that, of all follies, to begin a new war with the Swazi people would be the greatest.

Dingaan listened, and his brow grew dark, yet he was not so firmly seated on the throne that he dared put away our words, for still there were many in the land who loved the memory of Chaka, and remembered that Dingaan had murdered him and Umhlangana also. For now that Chaka was dead, people forgot how evilly he had dealt with them, and remembered only that he was a great man, who had made the Zulu people out of nothing, as a smith fashions a bright spear from a lump of iron. Also, though they had changed masters, yet their burden was not lessened, for, as Chaka slew, so Dingaan slew also, and as Chaka oppressed, so did Dingaan oppress. Therefore Dingaan yielded to the voice of his indunas, and no impi was sent against the Halakazi to seek the maid that was named the Lily. But still he hankered for her in his heart, and from that hour he hated me because I had crossed his will and robbed him of his desire.

Now, my father, there is this to be told: though I did not know it then, the maid who was named the Lily was no other than my daughter Nada. The thought, indeed, came into my mind, that Nada but Nada could be so fair. Yet I knew surely that Nada and her mother Macrophia were dead, for he who brought me the news of their death had seen their bodies lying locked in each other's arms, killed, as it were, by the same spear. Yet, as it chanced, he was wrong; for though Macrophia indeed was killed, it was another maid who lay in blood beside her; for the people whither I had sent Macrophia and Nada were tributary to the Halakazi tribe, and that chief of the Halakazi who sat in the place of Galazi the Wolf had quarrelled with them, and

fallen on them by night and eaten them up. As I learned afterwards, the cause of their destruction, as afterwards it was the cause of the slaying of the Hlakazi, was the beauty of Nada and nothing else, for the fame of her loveliness had gone about the land, and the old chief of the Hlakazi had commanded that the girl should be sent to his kraal to live there, that her beauty might shine upon his place like the sun, and that, if so she willed, she should choose a husband from among the great men of the Hlakazi. But the headmen of the kraal refused, for none who had looked on her would suffer their eyes to lose sight of Nada the Lily, though there was this fate about the maid—that none strove to wed her against her will. Many, indeed, asked her in marriage, both there and among the Hlakazi people, but ever she shook her head and said, "Nay, I would wed no man," and it was enough. For it was the saying among men, that it was better that she should remain unmarried, and all should look on her, than that she should pass from their sight into the house of a husband; for they held that her beauty was given to be a joy to all, like the beauty of the dawn and of the evening. Yet this beauty of Nada's was a dreadful thing, and the mother of much death, as shall be told; and because of her beauty and the great love she bore, she, the Lily herself, must wither, and the cup of my sorrows must be filled to overflowing, and the heart of Umslopogaa the Slaughterer, son of Chaka the king, must become desolate as the black plain when the fire has swept it. So it was ordained, my father, and so it befell, seeing that thus all men, white and black, seek that which is beautiful, and when at last they find it, then it passes swiftly away, or, perchance, it is their death. For great joy and great beauty are winged, nor will they sojourn long upon the earth. They come down like eagles out of the sky, and into the sky they return again swiftly.

Thus then it came about, my father, that I, Mopo, believing my daughter Nada to be dead, little guessed that it was she who was named the Lily in the kraals of the Hlakazi, and whom Dingaan the king desired for a wife.

Now, after I had thwarted him in this matter of the sending of an impi to pluck the Lily from the gardens of the Hlakazi, Dingaan learned to hate me. Also I was in his secrets, and with me he had killed his brother Chaka and his brother Umhlangana, and it was I who had held him back from the slaying of his brother Punda also; and, therefore, he hated me, as is the fashion of small-hearted men with those who have lifted them up. Yet he did not dare to do away with me, for my voice was loud in the land, and when I spoke the people listened. Therefore, in the end, he cast about for some way to be rid of me for a while, till he should grow strong enough to kill me.

"Mopo," said the king to me one day as I sat before him in council with others of the indunas and generals, "mindest thou of the last words of the Great Elephant who is dead?" This he said meaning Chaka his brother, only he did not name him, for now the name of Chaka was *hlonipa* in the land, as is the custom with the names of dead kings—that is, my father, it was not lawful that it should pass the lips.

"I remember the words, O King," I answered. "They were ominous words, for this was their burden: that thou and your house should not sit long in the throne of kings, but that the white men should take away your royalty and divide your territories. Such was the prophecy of the Lion of the Zulu, why speak of it? Once before I heard him prophesy, and his words were fulfilled. May the omen be an egg without meat; may it never become fledged: that may bird never perch upon your roof, O King!"

Now, Dingaan trembled with fear, for the words of Chaka were in his mind by night and by day; then he grew angry and bit his lip, saying—

"Thou fool, Mopo! Canst thou not hear a raven croak at the gates of a kraal but thou must needs go tell those who dwell within that he waits to pick their eyes? Such cries of ill to come may well find ill at hand, Mopo." He ceased, looked on me threateningly awhile, and went on: "I did not speak of those words rolling by chance from a tongue half loosed by death, but of others that told of a certain Bulalo, of a Slaughterer who rules the People of the Axe and dwells beneath the shadow of the Ghost Mountain far away to the north yonder. Surely I heard them all as I sat beneath the shade of the reed fence before ever I came to save him who was my brother from the spear of Masilo, the murderer, whose spear stole away the life of a king?"

"I remember those words also, O King!" I said. "Is it the will of the king that an impi should be gathered to cut up this upstart? Such was the command of one who is gone, given, as it were, with his last breath."

"Nay, Mopo, that is not my will. If no impi can be found by thee to wipe away the Hlakazi and bring one whom I desire to delight my eyes, then surely none can be found to eat up this Slaughterer and his people. Moreover, Bulalo, chief of the People of the Axe, has not offended against me, but against an elephant whose trumpets are done. Now, this is my will, Mopo, my servant: that thou shouldst take with thee a few men only and go gently to this Bulalo, and say to him: 'A greater Elephant stalks through the land than he who has gone to sleep, and it has come to his ears—that thou, Chief of the People of the Axe, dost pay no tribute, and hast said that, because of the death of a certain Mopo, thou wilt have nothing to do with him whose shadow lies upon the land. Now one Mopo is sent to thee, Slaughterer, to know if this tale is true, for, if it be true, then shalt thou learn the weight of the hoof of that Elephant who trumpets in the kraal Umgungundhlovu. Think, then, and weigh thy words before thou dost answer, Slaughterer.'"

Now, I, Mopo, heard the commands of the king and pondered them in my mind, for I knew well that it was the design of Dingaan to be rid of me for a space that he might find time to plot my overthrow, and that he cared little for this matter of a petty chief, who, living far away, had dared to defy Chaka. Yet I wished to go, for there had arisen in me a great desire to see this Bulalo, who spoke of vengeance to be taken for one Mopo, and whose deeds were such as the deeds of Umslopogaa would have been, had Umslopogaa lived to look upon the light. Therefore I answered—

"I hear the king. The king's word shall be done, though, O King, thou sendest a big man upon a little errand."

"Not so, Mopo," answered Dingaan. "My heart tells me that this chicken of a Slaughterer will grow to a great cock if his comb is not cut presently; and thou, Mopo, art versed in cutting combs, even of the tallest."

"I hear the king," I answered again.

So, my father, it came about that on the morrow, taking with me but ten chosen men, I, Mopo, started on my journey towards the Ghost Mountain, and as I journeyed I thought much of how I had trod that path in bygone days. Then, Macropia, my wife, and Nada, my daughter, and Umslopogaa, the son of Chaka, who was thought to be my son, walked at my side. Now, as I imagined, all were dead and I walked alone; doubtless I also should soon be dead. Well, people lived few days and evil in those times, and what did it matter? At the least I had wreaked vengeance on Chaka and satisfied my heart.

At length I came one night to that lonely spot where we

had camped in the evil hour when Umslopogaa was borne away by the lions, and once more I looked upon the cave whence he had dragged the cub, and upon the awful face of the stone Witch who sits aloft upon the Ghost Mountain for ever and for ever. I could sleep little that night, because of the sorrow at my heart, but sat awake looking, in the brightness of the moon, upon the grey face of the stone Witch, and on the depths of the forest that grew about her knees, wondering the while if the bones of Umslopogaa lay broken in that forest. Now, as I journeyed, many tales had been told to me of this Ghost Mountain, which all swore was haunted, so said some, by men in the shape of wolves; and, so said some, by the *Eemkhasi*—that is, by men who have died and who have been brought back again by magic. They have no tongues, the *Eemkhasi*, for had they tongues they would cry aloud to mortals the awful secrets of the dead, therefore, they can but utter a wailing like that of a babe. Surely one may hear them in the forests at night as they wail "Ai—ah! Ai—ah!" among the silent trees!

You laugh, my father, but I did not laugh as I thought of these tales; for, if men have spirits, where do the spirits go when the body is dead? They must go somewhere, and would it be strange that they should return to look upon the land where they were born? Yet I never thought much of such matters, though I am a doctor, and know something of the ways of the *Amatongo*, the people of the ghosts. To speak truth, my father, I have had so much to do with the loosing of the spirits of men that I never troubled myself overmuch with them after they were loosed; there will be time to do this when I myself am of their number.

So I sat and gazed on the mountain and the forest that grew over it like hair on the head of a woman, and as I gazed I heard a sound that came from far away, out of the heart of the forest as it seemed. At first it was faint and far off, a distant thing like the cry of children in a kraal across a valley; then it grew louder, but still I could not say what it might be; now it swelled and swelled, and I knew it—it was the sound of wild beasts at chase. Nearer came the music, the rocks rang with it, and its voice set the blood beating but to hearken to it. That pack was great which ran a-hunting through the silent night; and now it was nigh, on the other side of the slope only, and the sound swelled so loud that those who were with me awoke also and looked forth. Now, of a sudden a great koodoo bull appeared for an instant standing out against the sky on the crest of the ridge, then vanished in the shadow. He was running towards us; presently we saw him again speeding on his path with great bounds. We saw this also—forms grey and gaunt and galloping, in number countless, that leaped along upon his path, appearing on the crest of the rise, disappearing in the shadow, seen again on the slope, lost in the valley; and with them two other shapes, the shapes of men. Now the big bull bounded past us not half a spear's throw away, and behind him streamed the countless wolves, and from the throats of the wolves went up that awful music. And who were these two that came with the wolves, shapes of men great and strong? They ran silently and swift, wolves' teeth gleamed upon their heads, wolves' hides hung about their shoulders. In the hand of one was an axe—the moonlight shone upon it—in the hand of the other a heavy club. Neck and neck they ran; never before had we seen men travel so fast. See! they sped down the slope toward us; the wolves were left behind, all except four of them; we heard the beating of their feet; they came, they passed, they were gone, and with them their countless company. The music grew faint, it died, it was dead: the hunt was far away, the night was still again!

"Now, my brethren," I asked of those who were with me, "what is this that we have seen?"

Then one answered, "We have seen the Ghosts who live in the lap of the old Witch, and those men are the Wolf-Brethren, the wizards who are kings of the Ghosts."

(To be continued.)

MASTERS OF THE HUNTS.

III.—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G.

The Belvoir Hunt is the most famous in England, offering excellent sport over a lovely country, with the finest hounds in the kingdom, whose history in the sporting world dates



THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G.

back to 1750, and who are maintained and bred on a regalscale. As far back as 1603, King James, on his journey from Edinburgh to London, is said to have "enjoyed good sport at Belvoir Castle." The kennels are at Belvoir Castle, about six miles from Grantham. For the last eighty years this far-famed pack has been under the control of the best huntsmen of the day, notably Newman, Shaw, Goosey, Will Goodall, Jem Cooper, and Frank Gillard—the present in command. Each of these huntsmen has not only been capable of riding to the hounds in the field, but also of crossing and breeding them judiciously, so as to keep them up to a nearly perfect standard, and thus by every possible means the reputation of the Belvoir Hounds has been maintained. For pedigree, colour, and general excellence the pack cannot be surpassed.

Two of the most famous stallion hounds at Belvoir were Rallywood in 1833 and Singer in 1835, who trace their pedigrees to Beaufort hounds in ten generations, through a famous bitch, Longstreys, in 1816.

Gamble is now considered to be the best stallion hound in the pack, and he was bred by the present huntsman, Frank Gillard, and is a perfect picture of what a foxhound ought to be.

John James Robert Manners, Duke of Rutland, K.G., the present Master of the Belvoir Hounds, took the Mastership after the death of the late Duke, his brother, in 1888, and in his younger days was always seen in a forward position with the hounds; but some years ago he had the misfortune to have two bad falls, in the last of which he was seriously hurt

and, in consequence, was unable to hunt for some time, and now has given up hard riding across country, but he still takes a lively interest in the sport, and when at home is always seen, mounted on his favourite horse Shamrock, at all the meets in the neighbourhood of Belvoir. Some years ago, when several other gentlemen also hunted from the castle, the Duke of Rutland was the only one who saw a fast vixen run from Muston Gorse to Staunton, ending with a kill, which was one of the best runs of that season. The Duke of Rutland, being Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is, in consequence, often obliged to be absent from Belvoir during the spring months, but Lord Edward Manners (Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade), his second son, acts as field Master when he is able to be at home. He is a bold and forward rider with the hounds, which are most ably hunted by Frank Gillard.

The hunting day now is Thursday; the hunt uniform is plain scarlet for the gentlemen, but the huntsman and whips have scarlet velvet collars; the buttons bear the dual coronet and the letters B.H. The evening coat is also scarlet, but with buff facings, and a buff waistcoat, either single or double breasted. The coat and facings is said to have been chosen by the renowned Beau Brummell, in the regency of George IV., both of whom were constant visitors at Belvoir Castle.

The oldest members of the Hunt are: Mr. John Welby, of Allington Hall; Colonel Fane, of Fulbeck Hall; Earl Brownlow, of Belton; Major Parker, of Grantham; Mr. Algernon Turner, of Gandy Hall; Sir Hugh Cholmeley, of Easton Hall; Sir William Welby, of Denton Manor; Sir John Thorold, of Syston Park; Captain Cecil Thorold, of Boothby Hall; Mr. Montague Thorold, of Hemmington Hall; Colonel Reeve, of Leadenham Hall; and Mr. Frederick Sloane Stanley, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information, and who has hunted with the Belvoir Hounds for over thirty years, and is one of the oldest members. Another old member, and who in his younger days was said to be the best rider, was the late Sir Thomas Whicheote, of Aswarby Park.

The following account of a run in the year 1876 will show that the Duke of Rutland—then Lord John Manners—before his accident was a fearless rider, being well to the front all the way, even over a very stiff country: "Dec. 4, 1876.—Wet morning: kept pretty fine during the day, till about 3.15, when it commenced again. East wind. Did not find at Woolthorpe Cliffe, which was our first draw, but at Muston Gorse we found a brace, one of which gave us a splendid run. We passed to the right of Muston village, and one field to the left of Debdale covert, and on close to Normanton village, when our fox turned and pointed for Allington, but just before reaching the Western Old Lane another turn took us to Bemington. On approaching this village the pack divided, but, finding the body of the hounds were wrong, we followed the others into the clergyman's garden, where they were seen close to their fox. However, he jumped a high wall, passed through some of the cottage gardens, and escaped from the village unseen. Consequently, some minutes were lost, but on recovering his line we hunted him on within two fields of Cotham Thorns, when Reynard turned and made for Staunton, the hounds hunting him beautifully, which was very difficult for them, as he twisted about in almost every field; but they stuck to his line admirably, and carried it right through the Staunton plantings and up to Normanton Thorns, where he ran round three sides of the covert, without entering it, then ran round a few fields back to Staunton, where we killed him, after a run of 2 hours and 15 min. without a check, which occurred at Bemington. However, it was a very satisfactory finish, and hounds well deserved their fox. Lord George Manners—the present Duke of Rutland—was out, and rode the line, the hounds running in remarkably fine style. Hiding was very deep owing to the late heavy rains, and the country we rode over was almost all plough. Scent first rate; hounds ran as if running over grass."

The following extracts from Frank Gillard's journal will show the sport of the last seasons—

Nov. 15, 1890.—Met at Harby. Found at Harby Cover, and ran at a capital pace over the best part of Belvoir Vale—namely, by Hosc Gorse, Sherbrooke's Gorse, then made a point for Holwell Mouth. A few fields short of it, our fox, finding himself hard pressed, turned sharp to the right, and crossed the river Smite, and was finally run into, close to Nether Broughton, thus making a good finish to a fine sporting run, which lasted about an hour.

Feb. 4, 1891.—Met at Croxton Park. A brilliant gallop of 23 min. from Coston Cover, via Wymondham, Saxby, killing by the keeper's lodge at Freeby. Hounds fairly beat, a large and hard riding field from start to finish.

Feb. 13, 1891.—Met at Aswarby Park. Fast gallop from Money's Gorse, via Quarrington to Silk Willoughby, where Reynard took refuge in a cottage and went up the chimney, from which he was quickly dislodged, and hounds rolled him over a few fields away. Sir Thomas Whicheote then supplied us with one of his fine stout foxes. Finding him at Swarby Gorse, we ran by Osbourne Mill to Newton Wood; from here the pace very much improved, running through Sapperton Woods and away via Lenton Pasture and Keisby Wood, through Bulby Hall Wood, and, passing to the right of Bulby village, we steered straight for Grimsthorpe Park, where Reynard dropped into an unused well, thus robbing hounds of the blood which they richly deserved.

Feb. 20, 1891.—Keisby. Fine run from Aslackby Wood away by Aslackby, and straight for Folkingham Gorse, running through both coverts, thence away by Newton Gorse, through Newton Woods, and forward to the Nightingale Inn through Haydon Southings, to Dumbleby Thorns, after which we kept doubling and twisting about a considerable time, sticking to this stout fox, finally killing him in the open, close to Newton village. Time from first finding, 3 h. 20 min.

March 7, 1891.—Goauby. Tremendous fast run from Melton Spinney, running via the Old Hills, over Potter's Hill to Cant's Thorns; then down the valley, and through Welby Holt; thence ran in the direction of Grimston Gorse, but, on reaching Saxelby, bore round by Asfordby Ironworks. Time, 28 min. to this point; best pace all the way, without a check. After this our fox gave hounds a bit of trouble on account of running along the Ironstone Railway for about half a mile, but, getting clear of it, we rattled along until reaching Ab Kettleby, where he crossed the Midland Railway, finally killing our fox near Asfordby, thus making a good finish to this capital run.

Nov. 14, 1891.—Hosc Grange. Piper Hole Gorse provided us with our second fox, and right well did hounds run him, away over Hosc Tunnel to the left of Clawson Thorns, through Holwell Mouth, and along under the hill, past Little Belvoir, through Wartonby Stone-Pits Planting, and forward in the direction of Old Dalby Wood, then dropped into the vale, running between the Broughtons, and killed our fox by the Smite, near Sherbrooke's Gorse. Time, 50 min., without a check.

The Hunt servants are: Frank Gillard, huntsman; Catesworth, first whip; Fred Powell, second whip; Robert Knott, huntsman's second horseman, who sometimes acts as whip,



THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.



1. Costebelle, with the two Hotels engaged for her Majesty.
4. Avenue des Palmiers.

2. Rue des Villas.
5. View from the Route de l'Hermitage.

3. Le Château.
6. Avenue Victoria.

THE QUEEN AT HYÈRES.

LITERATURE.

A RHYMERS' DOZEN.

The Book of the Rhymers' Club (Elkin Mathews) is an unpretending little volume in orange linen, containing about ten gross of lines of verse by twelve Rhymers, or about ten dozen lines per Rhymers. This, as we gather from the prologue and epilogue, represents a year's work—so that each Rhymers must have averaged some ten lines a month, which is certainly no extravagant exuberance of production. The function of the Rhymers is, we are assured in their first anniversary song—

To hammer the golden rhyme,
Hammer the rhyming rhyme,
Fill the mind world better.

But what if there be no rhyme to hammer? or what if, for lack of hammering or other reason, the rhyme decline to ring? And this is sometimes the case with these "songsmiths." They include blank verse as if it rhymed—which is worse—and quatrains whereof only the second and fourth lines rhyme—which is worst of all. Also, such words as "defiance," "science," and "love" rhyme not, nor do "blotched" and "tonched," "fast" and "frank." Moreover, the one Ballade is naught; its refrain varies in wording, and the same word rears three times in what should be fourteen rhyming but different last syllables. Whether the Ballade be a profitable industry, we care not to affirm; but, beyond question, an inaccurate Ballade is an offence. Nor is the one stray Villanelle worthy of praise.

There is a certain uniformity of fairly good versification about the work of all the dozen. One and all might attain, like David's mighty men, to be chief among the six hundred and sixty-six, howbeit they attain not to the first sixty-six. Perhaps Mr. W. B. Yeats has the root of the matter most unmistakably in him; his verses have the quaintness and fanciful tenderness and pathos of Celtic poetry—provincial but genuine. Next to his work perhaps we might rank Dr. Toller's fragment from his unlucky "Poison-Flower," though the spica-song therein has a reminiscence of "Paracelsus." Mr. Ernest Bradford (there are two other Ernests in the club) is less happy than usual; Mr. Arthur Symonds is not Baudelaire, though he reminds us of the "Fleurs du Mal" at times; Mr. Lionel Johnson is good, but his songs lead nowhither; Mr. Victor Plarr has an original note, and promises well; Mr. Edwin J. Ellis is the most irritating; Mr. Richard Le Gallienne the most affected of the dozen. The former has a grammar of his own, "Between the two, my bride and I," and in a short poem entitled "Proverbs" puts in his readers the following terrible conundrums—

Comfort for the falling powers;
Sorrow for the pelms;
Breathing will for youthful hours;
Later, written rhyme;

Youth, a furious pondering,
Hardly pardoning breath;
Age a sleep, with wandering;
Draughts, the door of death.

'Tis plain this, men and hangers!

Mr. Le Gallienne is not vexatious, far from it. There is one piece of his, entitled "Beauty Accurst," which will ever be a joy to think of in dreary hours. The speaker of the poem is the embodiment of beauty, who (or which) produces disturbance generally throughout society.

A poet writing honey of his dear
Forgets to use his blotting-paper.
The poor man grows unmindful of his debt,
A result which, alas! is too easy to
produce by even such baser stimulants
as beer or the Fabian Society.
But the beautiful One goes on—

Let us I walk along the woodland way
Strange creatures leer at me with uncouth love,
And from the grass reach up to my breast,
And to my mouth lean from the boughs above.

The sleepy kind move round me in drowsy
And press their young lips to my cheek not hard;
To kiss my feet and the curls of the hair,
The snails will leave their shells to watch me there.

We admit that the personage of the poem is fictitious; yet to those who know Mr. Le Gallienne—and his hair—there is a dreamy pleasure in tracing the thread of personal experience. Is it thus that the poet is adored by the strange cattle of the *Speaker* and the creeping things of the *Star*? Does even the mild Mechanical Professor pause midway between the nominative and the verb which should agree therewith (but will not), and affectionately wipe his Progressive pen on the hyacinthine—but no more, lest fancy stray too far into the deserts of vain conjecture—

Poor Fancy, sadder than a single Star
That sets at twilight in a land of Reids.

A. R.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH SEVERN.

The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn. By William Sharp. (Samson Low, Marston, and Co.)—This memorial of an estimable and amiable man, whose talents as an artist, though fairly respectable, were less noteworthy than the singular whole-heartedness and kindness of his personal character, is welcome for several reasons. It should be agreeable to those who met him either in the first or the last periods, approximately equal, of his residence in Rome, or during the twenty years between them, from 1841 to 1861, which he passed in England. It has also, upon the ground of literary history, a strong interest derived from his intimate association with the brief and sorely broken life and the almost tragic death of John Keats, one of the triad of highly gifted English poets suddenly cut off, within about three years, from a career in which the genius of each might, with longer effort, have produced still nobler works. The native genius of Keats, though debarred the same opportunity of culture, may perhaps be deemed not inferior to that of Shelley or that of Byron; he was their junior, respectively, by three or four and by seven or eight years; and he died in February 1821. Severn's affectionate services at the deathbed of his unhappy friend have been a cherished social tradition from that time until now, and invested him with an individual distinction which he enjoyed without any vanity or the assumption of superior virtue. In truth, we must say that human nature is not so poorly endowed, after

all, with moral capabilities of unselfish devotion as to render such conduct, even in the masculine sex, an extraordinary example. Whenever we are dying of illness, it is hard if good women cannot be found to perform the duties of nursing, to make our bed, to sweep the room, to light the fire, cook the food, give us the medicine, and sit up with us at night. Wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters are usually at hand; but the records of military campaigning, of seafaring Arctic and African travels, and experiences of colonial emigrants prove that the manliest fellows are ready to do all this when circumstances require them to do so. Poor Keats had nobody to soothe his anguish but good Joseph Severn and the benevolent physician Dr. Clark, afterwards Sir Andrew Clark; and it is evident that Severn, who loved Keats as a brother, did for him all that many another good man from simple kindness and fidelity would do for a comrade left under his care. It was not an exceptional act, but characteristic of Severn and of men similarly disposed. Forty years later, Severn being the same man, he showed assiduous personal kindness to a comparative stranger, an obscure and insignificant English visitor to Rome, then dangerously ill, who is the present writer, and who hereby testifies his lifelong gratitude to Severn. He had wife, nurse, and chambermaid, but Severn daily cheered him. He feels bound, at the same time, to disprove of one or two phrases, "childlike vanity," and "not heedful of the exact verity of his statements," which Mr. Sharp has inconsiderately permitted to drop on the portraiture of Severn's character as a man. Thirty years ago, certainly, the general impression made on those who had much converse with him was entirely different. An unconscious humility, a quite unaffected modesty, seemed to prevail in every allusion to his own actions and connections; and in his immediate communications, some of which, as he was British Consul in Papal Rome, perhaps had a semi-official responsibility, he was ever scrupulously accurate and discreet. The slight failure of memory, and confusion of dates or unimportant details, in several of his anecdotes concerning his early acquaintance with John Keats, must not be allowed to impair his reputation for habitual truthfulness, as he would never be careless of facts in any matter of practical

LITERARY GOSSIP.

One of the countless pleasures of the book-collector is the overhauling of the catalogues which are showered on him by every post. And now that the booksellers are being supplied by some philanthropist with addresses of book-buyers of habit and repute, ready printed on gummed slips to stick on the wrappers, the collector gets more catalogues than ever. They leave him no time for reading anything else, but if he is of the true breed he is far from complaining. If he be gifted with an observant eye, and, like Leech's little boy, he fishes for "what he can catch," he rarely comes empty away. Even should a catalogue have no book for him, it may yield something almost as welcome—a mere diverting slip or misprint, it may be; or the stambole of an unlearned bibliophile moving about, untroubled by misgivings, in his world of books unrealised; or a more or less cunningly or simply devised ascription of authorship, for there are more ignorances than rogues in the trade. For the rogues there is a rod in pickle: to-day only those quite above suspicion come up.

Early last year this entry appeared in an auction catalogue: "[Lamb, Charles] *Political Primer*. H. Colburn. 1-26." It was found that the ascription rested on nothing but the mistake of a careless catalogue, and the book went for a few shillings. It soon reappeared, however, absurd ascription and all, in a second-hand list, the measure of the seller's faith being indicated by the price asked. "10s. 6d.," instead of, say, £50. Since then the same book, possibly the same copy, has been offered by another bookseller as by "Hazlitt (W.)"—the attractions of the name being displayed without the protection of a rag of a square bracket—and at the enhanced price of a guinea and a half! Yet the book is anonymous, and the internal evidence is dead against either attribution of authorship.

Lamb is a favourite victim of the enterprising ignoramus. "Beauty and the Beast," "Stories of Old Daniel," and perhaps others of "Godwin's Juvenile Library" have from time to time been pinned to "Elia's" coat-tail with more or less audacity and persistency. But these are well-aimed shots compared with the wild practice made with the "Political Primer." There are still some second-hand booksellers worthy of their high calling, but they are dying out. Surely book-selling would be at least as fit a profession and as profitable for educated men as bookbinding or house-decorating?

Here is a little posy, culled from recent catalogues. Cobbett taught grammar by aid of "fearful examples" taken from State papers, and though it would be piquant to teach bibliography exclusively from the catalogues of the kings of the trade, it would be difficult. Two of the following—the fourth and the fifth—are from such.

The first is clearly an attempt on the life of one of our best modern novelists: "Hardy (Thomas), 'The Hand of Ethelberta,' two volumes, 8vo. Thomas Hardy was the author of 'Far from the Madding Crowd.'"

The next might have been the work of a Colonial Office clerk, for it places our island of Manritius in the wrong hemisphere: "'Paul et Virginie,' Paris, 1833. An *édition de luxe* of the undying and pathetic story of the *West Indian* lovers."

The next is truly an odd blunder: "[Wellington (Duke of)] 'Primitia et Reliquia' (Poems—Greek, Latin, and English.) 1841." Of all his brother's accomplishments, the great Duke probably least envied that of writing elegant verses. To write "heroically" sufficed for him.

The fourth is an equally odd slip: "'Warreniana.' By the Editor of a Quarterly Review' (William Gifford)!" It would be as happy a guess to ascribe the "Bab Ballads" to Martin Tupper. The book is a series of clever parodies, supposed to glorify Warren's "incomparable blacking," and was written by Mr. Deacon.

The fifth is an appeal from a great bookseller, who wishes to buy two books which are as inseparable as "The Newcomes" and "Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family": "Lamb (Charles), 'Old Blind Margaret,' first edition," and "Lamb (Chas.), 'Rosamund Gray,' first edition."

The sixth is good: "Browning (R.), *The Fun Album*, 1873."

Two scarce little pamphlets by Coleridge, "Conciones ad Populum" and "The Plot Discovered," are invariably misdescribed by booksellers as "privately printed." The error is not unnatural, perhaps, for neither title-page bears a publisher's name, and when a copy with a wrapper turns up (which is very rarely, indeed) it is found to bear the words, "Printed for the Author." But the pamphlets contain the substance of addresses publicly delivered in Bristol early in 1795, when Coleridge could fairly enough have been included in the "Anti-Jacobin" verse—

Thou'lt wall, and ye who lecturo as ye go,
And for your pains get pelted, Pringle Lapan!

and they were announced in the usual monthly magazine "Lists of Publications" for December 1795 and January 1796, and priced at ninepence each. The author's sole regret, doubtless, was that the ninepences did not prove nimble enough.

Two other very common errors in Coleridge bibliography may be noted. One is made in advertising "The Wild Wrenth," a collection of fugitive pieces published by the daughter of Mrs. "Perdita" Robinson in 1804. A note generally follows: "Contains a poem by S. T. Coleridge not included in any edition of his works," which is nonsense, seeing that the poem in question, "The Mad Monk," is contained in Macmillan's four-volume edition, 1880, and in the "Aldine," published in 1885. These editions contain also Coleridge's translation of some Latin verses by Archdeacon Wingham, and "To Miss Branton, with the foregoing Translation," taken from "Poems by Francis Wingham" (1795), a fact of which most booksellers are oblivious when they have a copy of Wingham's little volume to sell, for it is generally advertised as "containing uncollected verses by S. T. Coleridge." K.



THE GRAVES OF KEATS AND SEVERN AT ROME.

concern. But this volume contains, in the narrative of a long, not very eventful life, and in abundant correspondence with private friends, ample materials for a just estimate of Severn. He died in Rome "quietly, and as if pleasantly tired," on Sunday, Aug. 3, 1879, and his body, removed from its first grave, now rests beside that of Keats, in the old Protestant Cemetery, near the Porta San Paolo and the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. An illustration of their tombs is borrowed from the volume, which is further adorned with several portraits, facsimiles of manuscript, and reproductions of Severn's drawings.

A STORY OF THE DUTCH NETHERLANDS.

The Dapness. By Frances Mary Peard. Two vols. (Bentley).—A local colouring of foreign social life and scenery in attractive parts of the Continent lies within the resources of many English novelists who have joined the annual host of tourists. The Dutch Netherlands are now coming into vogue for materials of contemporary literary fiction. There is no European nation whose character, sentiments, and domestic manners so much resemble our own; but the native authors, excellent prose writers, story-tellers, humorists, and clever in precise graphic description, are scarcely known in England. Mr. Maarten Martens, who writes as good English as any of us, has won acceptance indeed with his "Sin of Joost Averlingh" and "An Old Maid's Love." As Dutch and English society, whenever they do meet, prove mutually congenial and easily understand each other's ways, we think it a happy choice that the clever authoress of this pleasant novel has made in laying its scenes at Dordt and Utrecht, and at the rural mansion of Boekenrode, near Arnhem. Its chief persons are the young Baroness van Cortlandt, a wild and wayward girl, half French by parentage, who has obtained a legal separation from her grave middle-aged husband by testifying a single instance of cruelty; her generous and courageous friend, Hilvande Steen, daughter of a town-councillor at Utrecht; and Hugo van Cortlandt, the disconsolate husband's brother, who is a typical example of Dutch manliness, fidelity, honesty, and steadfastness of purpose. We learn that, by Dutch matrimonial law, after the lapse of five years under a simple decree of judicial separation, unless both parties then consent to live together again, there is a final divorce. In this case, as there has been no gross criminality on either side, it would seem desirable that Quirine, the giddy, peevish, wilful young wife, should return to the worthy Baron, who would receive her kindly; but it is justly required of her to confess that the blow of which she is complained was accidental, not intentional, so that his character may be cleared.

PICTURESQUE ASPECTS OF THE EAST-END.

I.
The picturesqueness of London is for the most part unperceived by the Londoner born, who goes to and fro in one little circle, his eyes on *Tit-Bits* and his thoughts on his own money matters. It is the country cousin, anxious to identify every name which he has met in his Dickens (either him of "Pickwick" or him of the "Handbook to London"), his Boswell or his Walter Besant, from whom the world learns the beauties of London; and it is no doubt because the East-End is little frequented save by the Londoner born, the foreign Jew, and the philanthropic person bent upon good works that the great province east of Aldgate pump is still supposed to be a waste of unredeemed ugliness. It is, indeed, true that there are patches of the East-End as ugly and as monotonous as Harley Street or Cromwell Road, but amid the ugliness lie delightful little nooks and corners—bits of old suburban villages left embedded in the modern town.

The approach to this eastern province by the widening avenue of Aldgate is full of individuality. On the north side, at the corner of Houndsditch, are the quaint tower and green bushes of St. Botolph's Church—although, indeed, at this present writing the bushes are eclipsed and the tower hemmed in by a hoarding covered with advertisement placards. On the south stands an irregular block of old houses, with projecting upper storeys and open shops below. A scent of hay comes up on the east wind from a serried phalanx of hay-wagons standing unhorsed and high-laden in the roadway, and exhibiting in dingy paint the names of far-off rustic parishes in Kent and Sussex.

Proceeding along Whitechapel Road, which is the widest and least monotonous of any of London's great thoroughfares, we come first to Whitechapel Church, with its projecting clock, and with a hateful sky-sign looking over its shoulder, and then to the London Hospital. The hospital is, perhaps, hardly picturesque, but it is impressive from its size and its absence of pretension. If, however, the solid building were transparent, we should behold behind it a square of grass and flowers bordered by an avenue of trees. This green quadrangle, the largest and the quietest of the many green oases of the East-

the west by the circumstance that its customers can only come out in the evening. Every stall has its jets of light; the open flames flicker in the wind; the shadows of buyers and of passers rise and fall in a fantastic dance; there is a continual chequer-work of brightly illumined pictures crossed suddenly by sharp black silhouettes. Commerce in this district is carried on with much vocal accompaniment: there is a babel of trade invocations, the varying discords of the



OLD HOUSE, STEPNEY GREEN.

foreign Jew and the native Cockney rising in shrill competition. The crowd jostles on the pavement, the vendors shout, the paraffin lights flare and smell, the noise and eagerness of street life are at their highest. Two steps away, behind an enclosing wall, lies a spot of perfect calm—smooth plots of grass, still rows of little almshouses, a tiny chapel at the end of a gravel walk. I know nothing more striking than this little haven of rest lying close against the noisiest and busiest

its wooden stair-rail massive; it has handsome mantel-pieces, and its rooms are panelled from floor to ceiling. Hoops and hair-powder, swords and wigs seem the natural adjuncts of such a house, and the smell of beer and tobacco, the printed notices of meetings, and the portrait of Mr. Gladstone are strangely incongruous. The other end of the row emerges in a typical poor London street of shops, with an extension of show-counter along the pavement, the gutter littered with cabbage-leaves, and the air heavy with mingled odours of fried fish, butcher's meat, and beer. It is just these sharp contrasts which bring out in their full value the picturesque nooks of the East-End. CLEMENTINA BLACK.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Among publishers' announcements for the spring season are some books which promise to be of high theological importance. One of them is the new edition of Professor Robertson Smith's "Old Testament in the Jewish Church." This very valuable treatise has been long out of print, and the distinguished author has been for the most part silent in the more critical discussions that have gone on during recent years. His promised work on Genesis for the "Cambridge Bible for Schools" has been definitely abandoned, and the publication of his "Commentary on Isaiah" seems still remote. No man in this country, with the possible exception of Professor A. B. Davidson, speaks with more authority on such subjects, and his estimate of recent work will be waited for with peculiar interest. The publishers are Messrs. A. and C. Black.

The fact that Dr. Driver's "Introduction to the Old Testament" has now reached its third edition, thus rivaling in popularity the fashionable novels of the year, is, perhaps, as notable as any in the publishing annals of 1891. The second volume in the same series (issued by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh), "Christian Ethics," by Dr. Newman Smyth, will hardly be less successful. The only works of the first rank on Christian ethics are, so far, those of foreigners, and Dr. Smyth is a charming and cultured writer.

Another new book, which is associated by its theme and purport with the work of Dr. Driver, is that of Canon Kirkpatrick, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, on "The Divine Library of the Old Testament," treating of the origin of the Jewish Scriptures, their compilation and preservation, their "inspiration and permanent value."

The *Church Times* complains that Canon Driver and Professor Sanday should have agreed to lecture at the summer session of the Congregational College at Oxford, and thinks they "would have been better employed in organising at Christ Church or Exeter College a similar scheme for the benefit of their own brethren."

The series of Bible Class Manuals which Dr. Maclaren of Manchester is to issue through Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton promises to be one of the most popular of the day. It is expected to cover the parts of the Bible suitable for reading in classes, and the publication of the volumes will proceed rapidly, most of the material being already prepared.

Mr. Wilfred Meynell's "Memorials of Cardinal Manning" is to be issued in library form by Messrs. Burns and Oates; and Father Coleidge's "Life of Our Life" will be completed by the publication of a volume entitled "Our Lord's Passage to the Father."

Correspondence in the subject of the Church and Dissent has passed between the Rev. H. H. Benson, Vicar of Barking, and Archbishop Sinclair, who, in St. Paul's Cathedral, pleaded lately for the recognition of Nonconformists. In his letter, Mr. Benson expresses himself forcibly on Mr. Spurgeon's funeral: "An episcopal benediction at a great display of dissent is most offensive and grotesque in Dissenting Christianity, such as accompanied the interment of a Baptist minister lately deceased, lowers the tone of sincerity in the country and acutely shocks multitudes of devoted Christians."

The *Guardian* speaks with great bitterness of the result of the County Council election, and declines to believe in the "purification" of the amusements of London. "The attempt to subject London to exceptional limitations in the matter of amusements would only provoke a reaction likely in the end to do more harm to morality than even an over-lass administration which London shared with the rest of England."

The fund which is being raised as a memorial to the late Archdeacon Norris, Dean-Designate of Chichester, now amounts to £4500. The object of the appeal is the re-endowment of the Bishopric of Bristol, in the promotion of which the late Archdeacon took an energetic part. The total sum at present available is about £17,000, together with an episcopal residence, the minimum endowment required by the Bishopric of Bristol Act, 1854, being £3000 a year. Mr. W. K. Wait has given £1000; Sir George Edwards has subscribed £500; Mr. C. J. Monk, £300; Mr. Charles Hill and Mr. R. H. Symes, £250 each.

Church matters in Bristol are apparently still disturbed; but the Bishop has, so far, conciliated the Evangelicals by appointing Bishop Marsden, formerly of Bathurst, and a man of unimpeached "soundness," his assistant. Mr. Randall's phase is still unfulfilled, having been declined by the Rev. Reginald Horton, Vicar of Dymock.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Games, Ancient and Oriental, and How to Play Them," by Edward Falkener. (Longmans.)
- "The Buchanan Ballads," by Robert Buchanan. (H. K. L.)
- "Vernon Heath's Recollections." (Cassell.)
- "The Marriage of Elinor," by Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. (Macmillan.)
- "King of the Castle," by George Manville Fenn. Three vols. (Ward and Downey.)
- "The Faiths of the Peoples," by J. Fitzgerald Molloy. Two vols. (Ward and Downey.)
- "Precious Stones and Gems," by Edwin W. Streeter. (George Bell and Sons.)
- "Francis Bacon and his Secret Society," by Mrs. Henry Pott. (Sampson Low.)
- "The Oak," by H. Marshall Ward. *Modern Science Series*. (Kegan Paul and Co.)
- "Potiphar's Wife, and Other Poems," by Sir Edwin Arnold. (Longmans.)
- "The Gentlewoman's Book of Sports," I., by Lady Greville. *The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen*. (Henry and Co.)



THE TRINITY ALMSHOUSES, WHITECHAPEL ROAD.

End, is as calm and peaceful as though it belonged to some remote college.

At Mile-End Gate the wide thoroughfare grows yet wider by the intrusion of an unpaved margin between the footpath and the roadway. This margin is Mile-End Waste, a spot sacred on Sundays to the open-air orator, and on week-day evenings to open-air buying and selling. Mile-End Gate is the Regent Circus of the east, the favourite resort for lounging and shopping, and it gains greatly in picturesqueness over its rival of

of thoroughfares. I have passed the gate hundreds of times by daylight and by moonlight, but I have never seen any person stir within that inclosure.

Stepney and Bow were once suburban villages, in which well-to-do City merchants had their out-of-town houses; and many of these houses remain—brick-built, square, solid, with plaster mouldings and flutings, with quaintly patterned fanlights, and sometimes with old wrought-iron gates and railings—precisely as similar houses yet remain in Chelsea, Hampstead, and Hammersmith. The unpromising entrance of Stepney Green opens upon a terrace of such houses, and a long strip of public pleasure-ground gives them the screen of trees required to complete them. Wandering down Stepney Green, we presently reach a humbler bit of village architecture, a row of two-storied cottages with red roofs, doors opening into the parlour, old-fashioned windows, and countrified front gardens. The first time that one chances upon this settlement, it is almost impossible to believe that one is not standing in the secondary street of some small old country town. The impression is heightened by the wide roadway and by the clear sky, for there is little manufacture just here, and consequently little smoke.

East London is fortunate in its old churches, many of which are large, handsome, and finely placed. Stepney parish church—St. Dunstan's—is one of these. Its impressive square tower rises from a large and green churchyard, now handed over to the County Council, prettily planted, and well supplied with seats. On the north of the church runs a short street with no cart-road—Durham Row—and in Durham Row again are old houses that seem to have strayed from Hampstead or Bloomsbury. The row narrows and widens with a delightful air of having grown by degrees without a plan. The houses are built by twos and threes. Those at the entrance are green with climbers, and conspicuous for the brightness of brass handles and knockers. Out of the middle branches a little court of the poorest and most squalid aspect, a sudden reminder that this is London after all; then the good old houses begin again. One of them belongs to the local Radical club. Its staircase is spacious, and



WHITECHAPEL ROAD.



TIGER-HUNTING IN MYSORE, INDIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The perusal of a most interesting work on natural history affords me a text this week for the remark that, nowadays, the pathways of science are enlarged and made very smooth for the feet that care to tread therein. We have largely got rid of the old high-and-dry style of books descriptive of men's wanderings in strange and foreign parts, and the accounts of our modern explorers, as often as not, read like a romance. This is as things should be. If a man cannot write in an interesting and lucid fashion about nature, and especially about the living nature amid which he has been dwelling, and with which he has been, like Thoreau, communing, he is not likely to be inspired from any other source whatever. Happily, we have given up the old Linnaean idea that natural history science consists of descriptions of species. These items are very necessary for the learned societies and for the advance of technical science at large, but they are worse than Sanscrit or Hebrew in so far as popular comprehension is concerned. To-day we possess a clue to nature's ways which Linnaeus wanted. We see in animals and plants the children of change. We live in a world which does not stand still but which alters amazingly, modifying life here, blotting it out there, and advancing it in a third direction. And so our modern naturalists see things from the evolutionary standpoint, and teach us how the things they observe and discover have come to pass. This is the charm of any book which is true to nature: it does not only describe, but it seeks to explain what its maker has seen.

These remarks apply forcibly to the book I have been



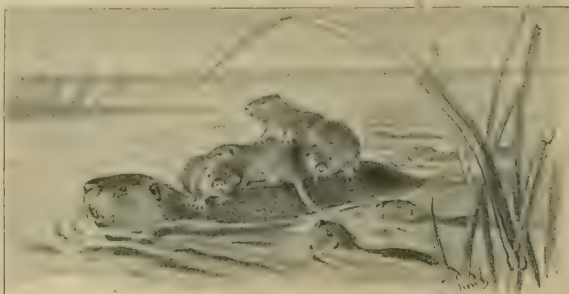
WRESTLER FROG.

diligently perusing for the last few days. Its title is "The Naturalist in La Plata," and its author is Mr. W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S., to whom the region in question is indeed very familiar ground. But, apart from what Mr. Hudson has to say about La Plata and its animals, there is much in this book which, in the best sense of the word, is delightfully suggestive to the mind of the reader. Its author seeks to show forth the philosophy of the animals he has studied. His work, in place of being a series of dry descriptions, teems with ideas, which serve to explain to us, for example, why birds dance and sing, why animals feign death, why birds develop an "instinct of fear," how the instincts of cattle arise, and how and why mosquitoes and other parasitic pests have come to enjoy the fullness of their little lives. Mr. Hudson is great in the matter of birds, it is true, but he is equally happy, it seems to me, when he is dealing with other animals, whose ways he has studied in their native haunts. It is this outdoor study of nature which gives a freshness to a man's descriptions such as he never otherwise exhibits.

To give my readers some notion of the zoological curiosities Mr. Hudson unearths in La Plata, I may select three examples. To Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers of the book, I am indebted for the loan of three characteristic illustrations, borrowed from our author's pages. First of all there is a delightful little sketch of a family party at a watering-place, in the shape of a mother-coyup, taking an evening swim with her eight or nine children, some borne on her back to the full extent of its accommodation, while others follow and emulate the maternal lead. Fifty years ago this interesting member of the rat family was very abundant, its skin being largely exported to Europe. Now it is scarce, because a mysterious malady, as Mr. Hudson tells us, decimated its race. As big as an otter, the coyup inhabits rivers and pools, and in the evening there are to be heard strange cries, groanings, and moanings, which are simply the signs that rodent life is enjoying its bath. Then, in another chapter, I find something new and interesting about that very quaint group, the frogs and the toads. I have not reproduced here the picture of that swollen, bloated aristocrat,

the horned toad of the Pampas, which hangs on to the animal it attacks, and swells itself out till "one almost expects to see him burst," but I have secured the woodcut of the "wrestler frog," that sits in all the glory of its big arms like a pugilist waiting for the umpire's cry of "Time!"

This frog, Mr. Hudson tells us, is a rarity. He was out



COYPU.

snipe-shooting, and saw a frog sitting in a burrow. It was stouter in build than the frog at home, and, naturalist-like, our author set about securing it. He watched the frog, and the frog watched him. On his making a grab at it, the amphibian, wary and beforehand with its plan of action, sprang straight at Mr. Hudson's hand, and catching two of his fingers with the big forelegs, gave him a hug so violent that the grip became actually painful. Then, quitting its hold after this by no means affectionate squeeze, the "wrestler frog" bounded off. The attacked naturalist, in his turn, flew after his prey, and contrived to catch it ere it reached its native water. Then was noticed the enormous development of its arms, which in respect of their muscularity stand out conspicuously in comparison with the small forelegs of our own common species. It seized Mr. Hudson's gun-barrel with such force as to bruise its chest, and each time it seized his hand it at once released its grasp after giving its strong squeeze. Unfortunately, this, the only specimen that was met with, made its escape from prison before it could be submitted for the opinion of an expert. Our author never met with another like it, only it stands to reason there must exist many more where his specimen came from. Here, however, is a nice problem for the thoughtful naturalist. A frog with big forelegs, which gives its adversary a hug and then rapidly releases its grasp, is clearly a beast with a history. It has acquired a habit (and structure to correspond therewith) which must be of great service to it when caught in the toils of an adversary. For a sudden squeeze will make most folks (not to say animals) drop the innocent-looking amphibian, and, taking advantage of the fright it produces, our frog friend escapes easily and vanishes in the grass. This is a "dodge" of the part of nature which is eloquent in its demonstration of how life develops knavish ways and tricks in the interest of self-preservation.

Finally, the chapter on "Music and Dancing in Nature" will be found as fascinating as any in this charming book. It so happens that long ago I wrote about "Songs without Words," and the subject has always possessed for me, personally, a special interest. I make bold to say this interest will extend to every reader of Mr. Hudson's work. Darwin, in his "Descent of Man," refers, of course, to the terpsichorean displays in which many birds indulge. Like the evolutions of certain American religious sects, these movements partake of the nature of "love-fests"; and the rails (figured in our illustration) show forth their dancing powers with great



DANCE OF YPECÁHA RAILS.

effect. It is not dancing alone; it is a "screaming concert" as well. The birds "rush from side to side, as if possessed with madness, the wings spread and vibrating, the long beak wide open and raised vertically." After three or four minutes of this display the dancing party breaks up, and the members thereof peacefully away to their nests. This fantastic behaviour, as I have said, is, doubtless, a love-feast, and as such is explicable enough on the Darwinian theory of things. Apart from its meaning, however, it is both curious and interesting, and, like many other events detailed in Mr. Hudson's pages, will set us a-thinking over the many queer ways and works which mark the days and seasons of the children of life.

THE COMING OF THE BIRDS.

With the advent of blustering March winds and a brighter sun, the naturalist begins to think of the arrival of the summer migratory birds. Some of them are already on the way. They have left their winter quarters in Africa, crossed the Mediterranean, and are now sunning themselves among the gardens of the European shores. There they recruit their strength a little before that strange, all-powerful influence—the "migratory fever" bird-fanciers call it—impels them to fly away into the dark night and push on northward. But they will not tarry long, and in a few days, at the latest, the vanguard will be only awaiting a favourable wind to hazard the second sea passage to their island home, and we shall probably have heard of stray grey and buff wheatears seen fitting along the grass-topped cliffs of our southern coast, or a tiny chiffchaff, silent and hungry, making his way inland along the bush-grown streams and tall hedgerows. These two species are all that we may certainly look for before March is out, and as the chiffchaff's two ringing notes may be heard in middle England by the 15th of the month, if the weather be genial and sunny, it is hard to say which of the two should be considered as our earliest summer visitor. The wrenneck can hardly be included among the constant March arrivals; and it seems, moreover, that the "cuckoo's mate," as it is sometimes called, has become rarer in many parts of the country than it used to be. Those that do come to our shores are sufficiently *en évidence* with their resonant cries, "Quay, quay, quay!" The delicate little

MOUSE-COLOURED SAND-MARTINS

may in some years be seen gliding over the surface of our south-country rivers at the end of March, although to many districts they do not penetrate until after the swallow has arrived. These four species, then, are all that we can expect to see yet awhile. But the first days of April may see a redstart in the pollard willows, a cock blackcap in the garden, or the first swallow skimming past us in the meadow. Closely following them we shall have the willow wrens with their silvery notes, the graceful yellow Ray's wagtail on the ploughings and pastures, and the tree pipit's rich canary-like song. Then on some soft, damp morning, if the spring is kindly, the cuckoo will be heard, and for a week or two frequent fresh arrivals will be dropping in, and the hedgerows and spinneys will be filled with life and song.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

"The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." So it was in the days of Jeremiah, and so it is to-day. Year after year the stay-at-home naturalist who watches the approach of spring looks for the coming of the birds, and knows, within a few days at the most, when he may expect each species. He knows very well the spots in his parish where he is most likely to see any particular bird on its first arrival, and almost unconsciously his morning stroll leads in that direction. Probably—nay, certainly—the question of food decides these preferences for certain spots on the birds' first coming. They may arrive by way of the river valleys, but if food were more plentiful on the hills they would not remain by rivers, as they do, we may be quite sure. The early chiffchaff should be sought for in some big hedgerow, little withy-bolt, or osier-bed, where the sun can come but the wind is kept off by the lay of the ground. The first blackcap will generally be somewhere near trees whose trunks are well covered with old ivy which has ripened its berries; and if we would see an early swallow, some sheltered reach of the river or pond will most likely reward our search.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

But how do they find their way every year back to these nooks and corners, known but to comparatively few even of the human dwellers in the parish? That they do come back—individual birds, that is to say—year after year, to the same spots we cannot but believe when some April day we hear the happy twitter of the pair of newly come swallows, which have flown in at the open loft-window, and settled where they, as we believe, nested last summer. They are glad to have found their way back to their old summer home. Call it what we may, it is a wonderful faculty which leads the birds along the river-ways, round the heads of the coast, or across a narrow neck of land—leads them along the old submerged coast-lines which their ancestors followed when they were dry land. Our history can tell us nothing of the disappearance of this land, but the birds must have seen it going gradually, year by year, or missed it suddenly, perhaps, and still, year after year, they travelled, and travel yet, on the same old road, led by their mysterious "homing" faculty—just as it has led that tiny, fragile-looking chiffchaff which delights the observer some bitter March morning by catching midges along the big hedgerow where the brook bends round under a sheltering south slope of the hilly fields, the very spot where he hoped to find it.

UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS.

The birds know the way, and they know the time of their coming. But how do they know it? What is it that tells them when the date in the calendar is reached at which they should leave winter quarters and start for their northern home? The seasons vary so much in different years that they cannot be guided altogether by appearances. Do they know when the sun enters Aries, and when the vernal equinox takes place? And why should some start before the others? We can understand why the cuckoo should delay his coming until well on into April, because he must wait until the fat caterpillars on which he feeds begin to abound; and the flycatcher, who wants, or likes, good-sized winged insects (and will not disdain to chase a butterfly), will naturally be a later arrival than the blackcap, who can make a good meal on ivy-berries; or the redstart, who forages for small insects about the old trees and the bush-sheltered ditch and stream banks. But why should the willow wren arrive so much later than the chiffchaff? They eat practically the same food, and though their songs differ greatly, and their eggs in a lesser degree, when you have specimens of each in your hand it takes a professed ornithologist to tell which is which, or even that there is any difference between them. Yet the latter always arrives in the Midlands in March, sometimes by the middle of the month, while the second week in April is an average date for the arrival of the former. Both winter in Africa, and perhaps partly in Southern Europe.

What is it that causes this difference in habits? One year the swifts came back nearly a week before their usual time; so did the house-martins. How is the order of arrival preserved? How does one species know that another is delaying or accelerating its departure? What decides the date of departure in each case? It cannot be temperature altogether, for that must vary from day to day, even in the Sunny South, and the departure is not a fixed feast—it is movable. Have the birds a "golden number" by which they arrange their calendar? But these questions are unanswerable.—O. V. A.

A CANNY COVENANTER.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Say what we will, confessions are interesting reading. We do not find in them "the real John," who is only known to his Maker, as Dr. Holmes says; but we get a good deal of "John's John," of John as he appears to himself. The real John, moreover, peeps out now and then, and this gives the charm to confessions and diaries of the soul. Nobody keeps such records, as a rule, except morbidly self-conscious persons and spiritual hypochondriacs like Marie Bashkirtseff and Rousseau. The habit, however, was common among the Covenanters, both men and women.

Among these confessors is a Canny Covenanter, James Nimmo, with his "Narrative written for his own satisfaction, to keep in some remembrance the Lord's dealing and kindness towards him" (1654-1709). The diary has been edited by Mr. Scott-Moncrieff for the Scottish Historical Society. The most interesting thing about Nimmo is a posthumous honour which befell him. He is an ancestor of the descendants of Sir Walter Scott. The daughter of the author of "Old Mortality," Sophia, married Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, who sprang from the loins of James Nimmo, a Whig of Bothwell Brig, Lockhart being Nimmo's great-great-grandson. Nimmo's father, though son of a landed proprietor, was himself a tenant-farmer. The young Nimmo went to school at Stirling, owing to a quarrel between his father and the local schoolmaster at Bathgate. This he thinks a special arrangement of Providence. His father always crossed him, and, while unconverted, "the verie venom of" a place unmentionable appeared in young James. At school he made money by doing the exercises of "gentlemen's sons." This was an unamiable trait, but very canny was our Covenanter. The world's gear had a strong hold on him. Returning from school, he was distressed to find that he never wept for his sins, as Janet Thomson did, a maid in the house. Nay, he was enticed by two other lads to play games on Sunday. Of these wicked youths, one died of a fever, the other "fell into furnication"—with Janet Thomson, I fear. James was much moved by a sermon on David's "seeking counsel" from heaven, and took to doing so himself. Many devout Covenanters practised this; they prayed on any matter of doubt, and then were guided by the first text that slipped into their memories. Russell, who was among the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe, writes that he was impelled to the deed in this manner. Mr. Nimmo never killed anybody; in fact, he has no bitterness in him, and never blames even Claverhouse. But throughout his career he and his wife (who also kept a journal of her soul's health) were guided by texts. When the lady was a little child of six, she was haunted, in her prayers, by that old Athenian inscription—

TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

Strange is the world! An inscription not rare in Greece (we hear of one to "The Unknown Hero") becomes a spiritual stumbling-block to a little maid in the North of Scotland, some twelve hundred years after the Greek altar has fallen, and the Greek gods are driven into the hollow hill of Horseshoe.

There is nothing not laudable in Mr. Nimmo's account of his conversion and of his efforts to bridle his temper. Like Cuddie Headrigg in "Old Mortality," he avoided his duties with the militia, obeying his own conscience, not his father's. In June 1679, Claverhouse set on the lovely, yet scattered, remnant at Drumlogie, and "got his nail through the reek," as we say. Young Nimmo, therefore, like Henry Morton, joined the Covenanters in arms. Like Morton, he found them all at odds among themselves—Pondtext, Mucklewrath, Macbriar, and the rest wrangling like possessed persons. "I feared the Lord was not with them," says Mr. Nimmo, "which made me fear the isbew." The "isbew" was the failure to hold Bothwell Bridge—a very strong position. A cannon ball killed a horse near Mr. Nimmo, and he made his escape. The cavalry were not allowed to slaughter the fugitives, as they might have done, much to the disgust of old Dalzell. Nimmo says nothing of the battle; he only cares for his soul and his pocket. He was now in hiding in Morayshire, where he met a singular Christian woman, Elizabeth Brodie, whom he admired. But he hesitated till another Christian woman had a lucky text borne in on her, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Finally, he sent a Mr. Sutherland to propose to Elizabeth, and she took some weeks to consider. "I could not be much concerned in that affair," says Mr. Nimmo, because his soul's health at the moment was giving him a good deal of anxiety. Elizabeth had a lucky text, and was disposed to crown James's flame, but now he "saw multitudes of difficulties, as it were armies mustered up against me in a married lot." So he used to go into the fields and groan aloud—a cheerful kind of woe! However, a text about four leprosy men at the gates of Samaria came into his head, and afforded him consolation. So he was accepted; the lady's friends made no objection, but both he and she refused to have the banns proclaimed by an episcopal precursor. They were married somehow, and Mr. Nimmo instantly put himself under a course of medicine. He soon went into hiding in the ruins of Plascadden Abbey; soldiers came into the dark vault where he lay, but did not discover him. He and Mrs. Nimmo met at Edinburgh, and afterwards skulked at Berwick, where he hid in a pigeon-loft. After the defeat of Argyll's rising, they fled to Rotterdam, where Mr. Nimmo, doing a little amateur smuggling, fell into the water and was nearly drowned. This he regarded as a chastisement—not for smuggling, but for unbelief!

After the Revolution of 1688, Nimmo came home, and got a place in the Customs House. Here he conspired with skippers

to defraud the revenue, not entering their cargoes in his books. A Mr. Dundas came down and insisted on seeing his books. No excuse or shift would get rid of Mr. Dundas; but Nimmo, by a private entrance, got into his office while Mr. Dundas believed him to be in his house, and "filled up the books."

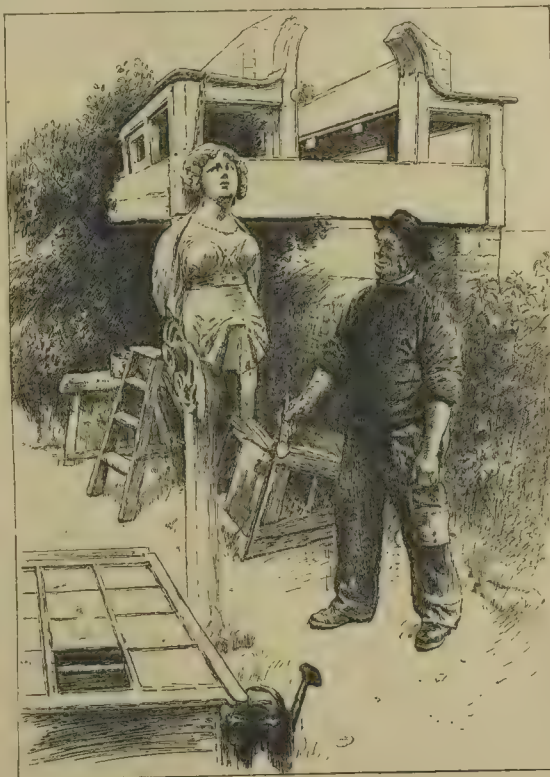
"I most say," he writes, "that the Lord wonderfully and marvellously guided me in this hurry of surprise. Praise, praise to Him!" This pious private ejaculation of Mr. Nimmo, almost detected in a flagrant breach of honour and duty, is, perhaps, the gem of his confessions. "The Lord marvellously did guide me" through other labyrinths of lies and fraud.

After these feats, Mr. Nimmo speculated in the precious metals, and did very well. So we leave him, intending to purchase an estate in the country.

Nimmo was not a conscious hypocrite; he had probably got into such a habit of breaking the law that he thought it always justifiable in a singular Christian to do so. On his death-bed he remarked, "It is a rough sea, but a smooth harbour; the landing is safe and sure." The histories of souls are undoubtedly queer documents.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours cannot by any stretch of good nature towards the artists be regarded as a strong one. Commonplace ideas expressed in a conventional or careless fashion distinguish the majority of the works on the walls. What untoward influences



"PYGMALION AND GALATEA."—BY WILLIAM RAINÉY, R.I.
IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

have been at work upon all, from the rawest recruit to the President himself, is a psychological problem we do not pretend to discuss.

In the East Gallery, Mr. James Orrocks's treatment of Hambleton Common (19) is up to his best level, the colour healthy, and the atmosphere good, and in parts of the picture one recognises the inspiration of David Cox; and Mr. Alfred East has found means to make a clever rendering of "Wet Weather" (30) out of very unpromising materials. A new exhibitor, and a foreigner to boot, Professor Hans von Bartels, has a fine study of waves on "Einsamer Strand" (58), in which the patches of light on the broken crests are very truthfully rendered, but the boiling mass of contending waters recalls rather the cauldron of a waterfall than the strife of incoming and receding waters. In this room Mr. R. B. Nisbet and Mr. T. Austen Brown are the most successful exhibitors. The former sends a moorland landscape (195) which, for cloud and sky painting, contains very noteworthy qualities; while Mr. Austen Brown's "Milking Time" (151) and "Summer Twilight" (123), notwithstanding certain obvious defects, are the most truly poetic yet faithful notes of country life in the gallery. These evening effects seem just now to be in high favour among painters both in oils and water-colours, and Mr. Robert Fowler (18), Mr. Stanley Inchbold (74), Mr. H. R. Steer (132), and Mr. Claude Hayes (166) show the greatest skill in their treatment. Mr. Arthur Severn holds apparently that the crisp, frosty air of early morn deserves fuller recognition than it generally receives from artists, but his rendering of the sharp outlines and strong colouring of the "Uri Rothstock" (159) will scarcely convert many. Mr. Herne goes to the other extreme, and aims at showing how grand Wren's towers on Westminster Abbey (168) can look at midnight in June. Miss Louise Rayner puts forward a strong protest in favour of broad daylight, and her

view up the Oxford "High," from a spot just below Queens' and University, does justice to one of the most picturesque bits of old Oxford.

Mr. Edmund Warren's delicate treatment of "Hurley Bridge" (53); Mr. Edwin Hayes's "Entrance to Portsmouth" (105), with the dark rain-cloud in the distance; and Mr. William Weatherhead's "Watching for the Missing Boat" (189), although hackneyed subjects, are on the whole satisfactorily dealt with. The figure-subjects in this room are not of great merit or importance. Mr. Percy Buckman's "Pelagia" (10), nice in colour; Mr. Robert Fowler's "Witch of Atlas" (108), who scarcely realises the poet's description of her; and Mr. G. G. Kilburne's "Melody from Mozart" (160), have decided merits; but Mr. St. George Hare's "Planning Love's Campaign" (106), although well composed, is distinctly vulgar in conception.

In the Central Gallery, the President's only contribution will do little to redeem the exhibition from the tone of flatness which pervades it. His work represents a young lady disguised in a sort of fancy-fair shepherdess costume (407) to which he appends the lines—

"Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me."

If Sir James Linton intends thereby to give us his idea of Julia Harcastle, for whom the song was originally intended, we can only say that it bears very little in common with Goldsmith's delineation of the character. If, on the other hand, no one in particular is meant, one asks the reason of connecting the lines with a hard, expressionless face attached to a costume on which the artist has been able to expend his technical powers. Mr. H. R. Steer's four types of news-readers are too strained to convey a real sense of humour, but Mr. C. MacIver Grierson is more successful in his "Proposal" (279), a bit of Puritan love-making which is by no means exaggerated in conception. The demure little damsel in the window-seat half-enjoys and half-sympathises with the trepidation of the youth on the settle, who is clasping his hat as if it were his psalm-book, in the hopes of drawing from it comfort or encouragement. Miss Ellen Hill is also very fairly successful in her treatment of an episode in Georges Sand's life (432), and there is, besides the admiration evoked for the beautiful harpsichord on which the old lady is playing, a touch of interest raised in Aurora and her old dog, who are crouched beneath it. Mr. Smetnam Jones is a new name, and his work, "New Milk" (450), is that of a young man; but it has qualities of strength and purpose which should lead him to greater results. Mr. Towneley Green's "Music-Master" (402), Mr. Rossi's "L'Arpeggiante" (438), and Mr. Robert Fowler's inspiration of a "Moon-beam" (387) also deserve notice.

Among the landscape work in this room, Mr. Edwin Bale's pale transcripts of Italian scenes, "Florence from Fiesole" (217), and a less-known glimpse of the city which is to be had from one of the lower bends of the Arno (249), are the most attractive, for they at least have the merit of freshness. It is seldom that the painters of Italian scenes are content to give them under a suffused light which harmonises the outlines of buildings and natural objects, and it is greatly to Mr. Bale's credit that he has seized this atmospheric condition and has not been tempted to exaggerate or to travesty it. Mr. H. G. Hine, on the other hand, has almost translated Italian skies to English scenery in his "Afterglow" (278), a very delicate bit of colouring, caught with true poetic feeling. Mr. Herbert Snell's "Hour before Gloaming" (294), a desolate, weird marshland, half obscured in mist; Mr. A. W. Weedon's "Evening Shadows" (364), Mr. Finleylove's "Misty Morning" (351), and one or two more of similar subjects show the attractions of low tones for so many of our water-colour painters. Mr. Frank Dillon, who for so long has lived in the blaze of the sun of Egypt, is of a very different mood, and in welcoming him back to the unfamiliar ground of English landscape, we can honestly congratulate him on his delicate rendering of the lush meadows, the timbered hedges, and the soft haze of North Somersetshire, about the picturesque old castle of Dunster. Mr. Hugh Carter still finds in Dutch fisherfolk most tempting subjects; but in both "Net-Mending on the Dunes" (335) and "Going Home" (331) he trusts a little too much to memory for the production of his effects.

The East Gallery is bountifully provided with works by members of the Institute, but there are very few which indicate much originality of treatment or freshness of thought. Mr. Weatherhead's "Off to the Wreck" (508) is a vigorously painted group of the life-boat crew, but a trifle prosaic; Mr. Thomas Huson's "Early Birds" (549)—a flock of seagulls following the plough, which brings their victims to "the unwelcome day"—is also strongly painted, but not quite in accordance with the actual poise of the birds; Mr. Arthur Severn's "Threatening Clouds" (580) is a fine bit of colour, the black and red clouds showing well over the grey shores of the Solway Firth; and he proves in his "Coast Scene at Kilkeel" (655) that he is equally at home with the brighter tones of nature. Mr. William Rainey's humorous treatment of "Pygmalion and Galatea" (661), Mr. Joseph Nash's "Morning of Another Day" (673), a boatful of shipwrecked sailors whose hopes of rescue are growing faint; Mr. Fred Cotman's pleasant sunny view of Exeter (477) as seen across the broad estuary of the Exe; and Mr. C. E. Holloway's "East Greenwich" (492) are all fair specimens of their respective artists; and, although we cannot regard Mr. W. W. Collins's "Meeting of St. Augustine and Ethelbert, King of Kent" (638), as a complete success, it would be unjust to pass without notice a work on which the artist has bestowed great pains, and of which he has succeeded in making at least a dramatic picture.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

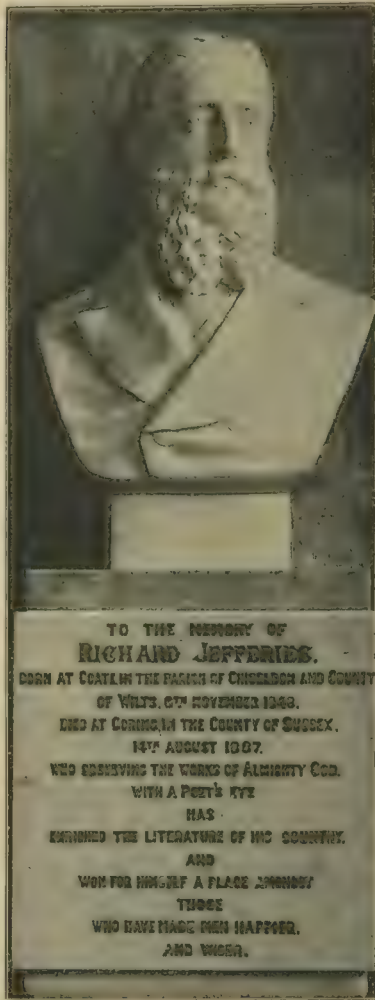
"In order," says Mr. Walter Besant, "to read the book of Nature aright, one must live apart from one's fellow-men, and remain a stranger to their ambitions, ignorant of their crooked ways, their bickerings, and their pleasures. He must live apart from men; he must never be out of the reach of the fragrant wild flowers and the call and cry of the birds. Of such men literature can show but two or three—Gilbert White, Thoreau, and Jefferies—BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS JEFFERIES. No one before him has so lived among the fields; no one has heard so clearly the song of the flowers and the weeds and the blades of grass."

In this eulogy we find the justification, if any were required, of the fact that on March 9 a marble bust of Jefferies was unveiled in Salisbury Cathedral. The memorial, which has been placed on the west wall of the north transept, was executed by Miss Margaret Thomas, of London. The bust is supported by a bracket, also of marble, the work of Mr. Thatcher, of Taunton. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by the bishop of the diocese, assisted by the dean, the Archdeacon of Dorset, Canon Kingsbury, Canon and Mrs. Whiteford, Chancellor Swayne, &c. Mrs. Richard Jefferies was also present.

Dr. Wordsworth, in unveiling the bust, said the memorial had been placed there to commemorate a Wiltshire man well known in literature, and to whom, perhaps, in doing him that honour, they were paying rather tardy justice. They could not, of course, regard Richard Jefferies as one who was a devoted and strong Churchman, yet they recognised in him the gift of insight to the beauty of nature. He was one who bore sickness, trial, and great sorrow patiently, and whose soul was struggling upwards to light, which, if his life had been prolonged, he would have reached.

The Dean of Salisbury, who followed, expressed himself as highly gratified that one who bore the great name of Wordsworth should thus assist in commemorating the more recent "prose Wordsworth" of the locality. Jefferies, he said, was to be reckoned among the men who had added to the lasting pleasures of life.

True it is; but the pity of it, the tragedy of it, that Jefferies is recognised effectively only after death! He came ten years too early, in the lull before journalism was to become one of the most remunerative of callings for the clever writer of short papers, and to him journalism and literature were one continuous, painful struggle. Had Mr. J. M. Barrie been born ten years earlier he also might have had to eat his heart out with the occasional contribution, admired by the few, ignored by the many. This was Jefferies' lot. Were he alive now, at least half-a-dozen editors would pay fancy prices for the articles which went to make up "The Gamekeeper at Home," "The Amateur Poacher," and those other delightful books which have had so great a vogue since Jefferies' death.



MEMORIAL TO JEFFERIES IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

Our correspondent and artist in St. Petersburg contributes another sketch of the scenes occasioned by the arrival in that city of many thousands of Russian peasants from the central and eastern provinces suffering from the terrible famine since the failure of last year's crops. In the refectory of the Alexander Nevsky Convent, where soup, called "priot," is customarily given to the poor, hundreds of starving people are daily admitted to share in the charitable dispensation, while listening to the orthodox priest reading aloud the story of some holy personage of their Church. The Russian monasteries, formed according to the rules of St. Basil, number about five hundred local establishments throughout the Empire. Some of them, like that of Troitsa, near Moscow, were, in the last century, among the richest in Europe, possessing vast landed property and owning numbers of serfs, but their wealth is now greatly diminished. The Alexander Nevsky Convent is one of the most important in the capital, being a "Laura," or seat of a Metropolitan, though inferior in precedence to those of Moscow and Kiev. It was founded by Peter the Great in honour of a canonised Duke Alexander, who in 1241 fought a battle on this site against the Swedes and Teutonic Knights of Prussia. In the sumptuous church, which is decorated with marble and agate and studded with pearls, is a massive silver shrine containing the remains of St. Alexander, brought from Vladimir by Peter the Great. His coronet, with a large collection of jewelled mitres, pontifical robes, and other treasured ornaments of ecclesiastical pomp, may be seen by visitors to this famous convent. The monks enjoy a sufficient revenue, and can spare a moderate portion to relieve the destitute poor coming up from the frozen banks of the distant river Volga to beg the aid of the Czar and of the Church.

SKETCHES IN BRAZIL.

The city of Rio de Janeiro, which has lately been described and illustrated by our Special Artist, exhibits much bustle of popular traffic in its market-places near the waterside; the fish-market, as well as the fruit-market, is crowded with buyers and sellers, big black women figuring conspicuously among the latter class. As the inhabitants of the city and suburbs number about 400,000, a plentiful supply of food is required, and it is usually cheap enough. Fish and prawns are caught on the shores of the bay, using a net weighted with a stone and thrown into the water by men wading out up to their waist; but other fishermen go out in boats, and even to the open seashore outside the bay. In the streets of the city are many pedlars, often Chinese who have discarded their Eastern dress and pigtail, carrying full baskets at the ends of a long bamboo laid on the shoulder. Bananas, oranges, and various other kinds of fruit or vegetables are sold by retail in the same way.



THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA: DISPENSING SOUP AT THE ALEXANDER NEVSKY CONVENT, ST. PETERSBURG.



SKETCHES IN BRAZIL: THE FISH MARKET, RIO DE JANEIRO.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

“IS MR. TATE A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR?”
“YES.”

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

The brief which has been placed in my hands by the Editor of this Journal, although not worded entirely in accordance with my views, I readily accept; the more willingly as few cases have been so misrepresented to the public as Mr. Tate's proposed gift to the nation. Not that his proposal was the happiest that could have been devised. Had Mr. Tate chosen to modify his object as he modified some of the conditions he sought to impose on the authorities as a *sine qua non* when he first made offer of his gift, there would have been no serious disposition to challenge his claim to be considered a “benefactor.” Had he accepted the suggestion to erect a gallery in which the missing links in the superb chain of English art now in the National Gallery might easily have been supplied, and its full glory have been displayed, Mr. Tate would then have established an institution imperial in dignity and importance, beside which the benefactions of Mr. Sheepshanks and Mr. Robert Vernon would have appeared meagre and parochial.

So far as has yet appeared, it is by but a handful of blind admirers of Mr. Whistler, M. Degas, and one or two other excellent artists (to the exclusion of nearly every other painter of good repute) that the clamorous opposition has been raised to the postulate that the best of contemporary art in England should receive some other recognition than that which is fitfully afforded by the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. “Let us ignore,” say these gentlemen, “the work of every artist—save that of Whistler and Degas; let us, above all, distrust our own powers of estimating its merit until a lapse of a quarter of a century has impressed the approving seal of Time upon his canvases.”

But why should we attempt to forestall the final verdict of posterity when we should be considering and seeking to foster the art of to-day? And, further, why should a lapse of time such as that for which they stipulate be accepted as the infallible guarantee of a correct judgment at all? Neither Franz Hals nor Raphael was properly appreciated twenty-five years after his death—nay, not for two hundred. No—the final judgment of posterity may, and probably will, be just; but to appoint a five-and-twenty year limit as the arbitrary moment when such a verdict is to be pronounced is to shut one's eyes to the experience of the past.

I by no means reject the principle of a certain delay before admitting contemporary work to a museum of the world's art, as a protection against the undue acceptance of mushroom reputations of the day. But to suppose that by that time we should of necessity have arrived at finality, or even maturity, of judgment—to think that the lapse of a few years will allow for anything but a swing of the pendulum of temporary taste and fitting fashion—is every bit as short-sighted as to imagine that admission to the ranks of the Royal Academy is a patent of immortality.

Those who oppose Mr. Tate in his idea of a Gallery of Contemporary and Ancient British Art appear to forget that the idea of the founding of an art gallery is not merely the bringing together of a number of masterpieces. It has a five-fold object. The first of these is, of course, the possession of fine and representative works by fine and representative artists. The second, the civilising and educational influence exercised by the display of those works of art upon the public. The third, the formation of a strictly historical collection for historical purposes, whereby the development of art, its sentiment, and methods are to be traced in its growth—an essential condition, which entails the inclusion of thoroughly bad pictures, technically speaking, in the finest collections in the world. The fourth, the provision of means of instruction for the artist. And the fifth, in the case of a display of national contemporary work, the opportunity of determining the progress, position, and tendency of the country's art, judged by the standard of its best work. To this might be added the advantage of a noble goal, offered to the artist as a fresh incentive to achieve greatness in his art.

Now, the cry of Mr. Tate's adversaries is that contemporary pictures do not deserve the dignity of display in a National Gallery at all; that there are no masterpieces—save always those of Whistler and Degas, to whom the five-and-twenty year limit must on no account be considered to apply. But this very verdict, so confidently pronounced, is on their own showing not worth the ink that records it—in the first place, because the five-and-twenty years they declare necessary to hallow it have not elapsed; and in the second, because present judgment is always at some future time adjudged unsound. These critics—save the mark!—now mete out their medium of praise to Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, forgetting that their prototypes did not hesitate a century ago to snap and yelp at the great men's heels, and that the twenty-five years which endorsed the reputations of those mere “contemporary artists” happily served to bury critical incompetence in kindly oblivion.

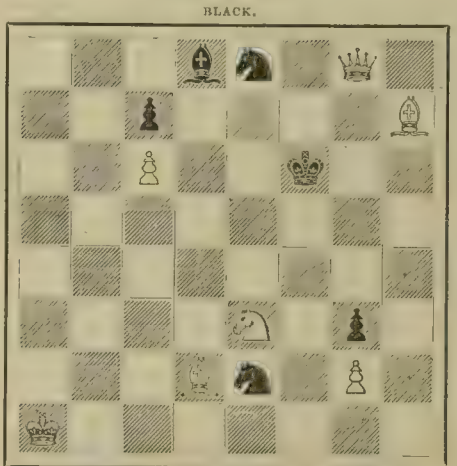
I submit that, if only on the principle of the value of historical demonstration of the national art and its development, Mr. Tate's proposal for a gallery of contemporary as well as of older art is good, and merits the grateful acceptance and cordial applause of his countrymen. I insist that it is as foolish to restrict the public cognisance of art to those pictures which, for a given time, have received, Sebastian-like, the claps of criticism, as to banish the work of Tennyson, Browning, or Swinburne from a National Collection of British Poetry. A responsible committee, combining the best critical acumen available, and catholic-minded trustees vested with power to refuse proffered gifts and to reject subsequently, if need be, what may have been unwisely accepted, might not only bring together but keep abreast of the artistic times a collection which would do honour to English artists of all periods, and serve to show the strength as well as the weak places in the sum of their achievements—a continuous record of the high-water mark of British genius. Mr. Tate's idea of a Gallery of British Art is, I suggest, as valuable and useful as his generosity is munificent; and, in spite of the libels of prejudiced and ignorant persons—such as may usually be found whenever a good and important proposal is broached—it would enable the art of England to assert itself, to show its full strength, and, a source of profound interest and enjoyment to those who visit it, it would be a worthy tribute to our artists, a glory to the nation, and a lasting and noble memorial to the donor.

CHESS.

Communication for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
W. P. H.—If you will look at No. 295, that recently appeared in this column, you will see why we cannot at present accept your problem. The similarity is too great to permit of publication.
Miss LILLIAN BAYNE.—We congratulate you on your success, and trust it is but the forerunner of many triumphs to come.
C. H. (Newcastle).—Many thanks.
C. M. A. B.—In No. 296, if 1. Q to K 5th, B to B 7th; 2. Q takes P (ch), K to Q 4th; 3. B to K 2nd, P takes P.
F. W. H. (Newcastle).—Your problem is not of a kind the public now cares for, and we are sorry we have no space to discuss your interesting letter.
J. F. MOORE.—Thanks for congratulations.
W. H. (High Wycombe).—Your solution of No. 296 is unfortunately incorrect, but we hope you will persevere in your effort to become a regular solver. In three moves mate is given in White's third move.
CORRESPONDENTS OF PROBLEM No. 296 received from Dr. P. B. BENTLEY (Mellonbury) of No. 302 from Dr. A. V. SASTRY (Tambour) of No. 294 from W. H. JAMES (Bath) of No. 295 from W. H. THOMPSON (Teneriffe) of No. 296 from John G. HARRIS of No. 297 from T. G. WARE of No. 298 from Howard D. MCGEE (Galaxy), Curran (Hampstead), and M. H. MURPHYHOUSE of No. 299 from Castle Lee, C. M. A. B. New Forest, Captain J. A. CHILVER (Great Yarmouth), H. H. HARTFORD, M. H. MURPHYHOUSE, F. W. LEAD (Newport), Dr. W. DEER (Dartmouth-Tyne), Howich, F. W. BRILL, and L. BELLINGER (London).
CORRESPONDENTS OF PROBLEM No. 299 received from W. PERRY HIND (Salford), Howich, L. BELLINGER (London), D. MCGEE (Tambour), J. F. MOORE, J. G. WARE, Martin P. W. T. (Bayer Tracey), Monty, Admiral HARRIS, Fr. Penelope (Paris), Dan (Lynn Regis Club), W. R. HALL, L. SCHULZ (Vienna), J. HODGSON (Madison), Portman (Brussels), Bunt, W. R. B. (Plymouth), J. HALLWAY CARR, H. S. BRADSHIRE, H. H. BROOKS, D. F. R. W. WELLS, Columbus, R. WORTERS (Canterbury), G. JOYCE, G. MARSHALL (Barnes), T. DOLBERT, H. H. HARTFORD, S. W. READING, C. M. A. B., J. L. SHERB, (Bristol), K. LINDEN, W. J. HAYDON (London), Mrs. Wilson (Barnes), David Millar (Penzance), J. C. FREEMAN, Anglin, J. G. SHADFORTH, G. T. HUGHES (Waterbury), M. H. MURPHYHOUSE, Dr. W. W. FORT, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Sergeant W. ELLING (Aldershot), J. HALL, Heywood, M. BAKER, C. R. PENNING, A. NEWMAN, J. W. BAKER, Sorrento (Dawlish), K. E. H. OGDEN Club, and D. A. ROWLANDS (Hendon).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 296.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.
WHITE.
1. K to K 6th
2. K to B 3rd
3. K mates.
If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. K to K 5th; and if 1. K to K 3rd, 2. K to B 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2502.
By G. HEATHCOTE.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HAVANA.
The following is the seventeenth game in the match between Messrs. SPIELMANN and TORRES.
(Evans Gambit).

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. K to K B 3rd K to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to K 3rd B takes P
5. P to B 3rd B to R 4th
6. Castles P to Q 3rd
7. P to Q 4th B to K Kt 5th
8. Q to R 4th
For the second time, White adopts this move, especially preferring it to his old love of R to Kt 5th.

8. B takes Kt
The beginning of another of Black's exasperating lines in this opening.
9. P takes B P takes P
10. P takes P P to Q R 3rd
11. B to Q 5th K Kt to K 2nd

A daring line of play, which, however, ought to lead to a draw. A piece, in, of course, lost, and the ensuing complications are peculiarly difficult, but Black has now the chances against him. A slip might be more serious to him than to White.

12. B takes Kt (ch) Kt takes B
13. P to Q 5th P to Q Kt 4th
14. Q to R 5th K to Q 5th
15. Q takes B Q to B 3rd
16. Q to R 3rd K to B 7th
Black gives up two pieces for a Rook, but loses the game as well. The last move of White was admirably correct, and it ought to have been met with P to K 2nd.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.
Game played at Bridge of Allan between Mr. W. FINLAYSON and Herr M. (Allgauer-Thorold Opening).

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Herr M.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K Kt 4th
4. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th
5. Kt to Kt 5th B to R 3rd
6. P takes B Q to B 3rd
7. P to Q 4th P takes P
8. B takes P P takes P
9. B to R 4th (ch) K to K 2nd
10. B to R 4th (ch) K to B 3rd
11. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
12. Castles Kt takes B
13. P takes Kt B to B 4th (ch)
14. K to R Kt 3rd K takes Kt
15. P to Kt 3rd K takes Kt
This turns out badly.

The British Chess Association commenced its seventh congress at the British Chess Club, King Street, Covent Garden, on Monday, March 7. Two competitions form the programme, one for the masters, with valuable money prizes, and the other for the amateur championship, with its accompanying gold badge and twelve months' residence of the championship trophy. Neither tournament attracted as full an entry as might have been expected, many well-known names being mislaid from both classes, more especially among the amateurs. The early stages of the contest give little clue to the ultimate result, but Messrs. Bird, Lasker, Morphy, and Mortimer are all playing well, and the winner will probably be found among that quartet.

An interesting match was played on Saturday, March 6, at Edinburgh, between the Newcastle and Glasgow Chess Clubs. Owing to the absence of one of the latter, the teams consisted of nine siles, and at the end of the contest it was found that Newcastle had won five, lost one, and drew six. So complete a defeat of the powerful Glasgow Club was little anticipated, least of all by the victors.

The special prize offered in the Hackney Mercury Chess Column for competitors who have never competed before has been won by our youthful contributor Miss Lillian Baird.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

“Universal peace,” said von Moltke, “is a dream, and not a beautiful dream.” This observation was obviously based on the same principle as the shoemaker's “There's nothing like leather.” That the warrior should overestimate both the importance and the character of his own life's employment is to be expected. Take the same tendency by its negative side, and it should be among women that we should expect to find the most ardent love of peace: in the sense not of peace at any price, but of a rational hope and desire for the institution of arrangements that will substitute the reign of law for the arbitrament of the blind, destructive forces of murder and rapine, as effectually and usually in international as is already the case in individual disputes. Women lose much and gain nothing by war: toll is taken of our earnings or our possessions to support the constant wasted waste of the world's wealth on the means of slaughter, and the sympathy and anxiety that we suffer under in time of war are yet more costly tributes to this Juggernaut. Eternal peace, then, must needs seem to those of us who can think and love, not, as it seemed to the successful soldier, “an unbeautiful dream,” but an attainable and much-desired possibility; distant, perhaps, as the Land of Promise, but to be reached at last after humanity has traversed the wilderness.

Imperial Federation is to be counted, from this point of view, as of special interest to women; for were Great Britain and her Colonies properly united into one great nation she could not only rest in absolute security herself, but could also exercise very powerful influence on all the rest of the world. As it is, the tie is of the loosest. England undertakes nearly the entire expense of defending her whole Colonial empire, and in return for this gets nothing. The Colonies put heavy customs-duties on English manufactures, and sometimes even greater duties than those exacted from some other nations. On the other hand, the direction of imperial affairs goes on without receiving the least control from the Colonists. They have to accept some officials from England, and they are occasionally subject to certain inconveniences, such as the refusal to receive at Court the wife of a Colonial gentleman because she was a deceased wife's sister, such a marriage being legal in the colony and illegal here. How different from this tie, which galls both and serves neither, might be a vast commercial and defensive agreement, founded and cemented on the great fact of blood relationship, and resulting in the certainty of peace and brotherhood over the greater part of the earth's surface!

These thoughts are aroused by the formation of a ladies' branch of the Imperial Federation League, with the fanciful title of “The Britannia Roll.” The objects and aims of the new society were expounded at a meeting held at Mrs. Faithfull-Begg's house, in Earl's Court Square, on March 9. Sir Algernon Borthwick took the chair, and the chief address was delivered by Mr. Parkin, a Canadian. Miss Emily Faithfull was to have spoken, as representing the sex for whom the meeting was specially called together, but she was suffering from bronchitis. A letter from her was read in lieu of one of her capital speeches, in which she observed that “this organisation appeals to Conservatives and Liberals alike. Surely everyone must admit that an effort to promote the unity of the British family scattered throughout the Queen's vast dominions is truly womanly work.” This movement has so far been kept free from the drawbacks of political party. Among the earliest members of the “Britannia Roll” are the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Brassey, Lady Brooke, Lady Florence Dixie, Miss Buss, and Louisa Lady Goldsmid.

First among the private views of spring comes that of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which took place in the fine Piccadilly galleries on March 11. The weather was so bleak without that fur coats and winter frocks held sway within the galleries, of stern necessity. Madame Antoinette Sterling (who was accompanied by her husband, Mr. McKinlay) was a conspicuous figure in a remarkable three-quarter tight-fitting coat of black astrachan, with very big sleeves, composed of a particularly bright violet velvet; her head bore a fat cap of the same combination. Mrs. Frankan (Frank Danby), the novelist, who is a young and stylish-looking woman) was becomingly but quietly dressed in a sealskin coat; and the same was also the attire of Madame Marian Maekenzie, the well-known contralto. Lady Linton was in deep mourning, and, indeed, the whole aspect of the galleries was sombre—so much black was worn. A bright relief was afforded by Miss North, in a vivid but artistic green velvet dress, with a short cape reaching only to the waist, but having immense pointed revers, turned back at the throat, the edges everywhere trimmed with golden braid.

Among the numerous departments at “Peter Robinson's” (the firm truly boasting that they supply “everything for ladies' wear”), the mantles are especially worth notice just at present. The “buyers” of this department has excellent taste, and all the goods in it are both new and stylish. Some novel little circular capes reach only to the waist, and have quite flat shoulders, though made wide enough, to admit full dress sleeves. Most new mantles, however, are more than three-quarter length, reaching to within a few inches of the ground. They are all circular, a sleeve makes the thing a jacket. “Watteau back,” as the loosely hanging plents at the back are called, carries all before it. Several of the smartest of these new coats, however, have the Watteau back of lace over the thicker material, which fits to the figure. This has a graceful effect, for it indicates the line of the shape without the thickening that the folding of the material between the shoulders often causes. The special lace that is to be as popular this year as guipure was last season is an excellent imitation of Irish point. Another very prominent feature of the new mantles is the great amount of beading lavished on them. Jet, either in the form of passementerie or the more expensive embroidery done on the material, is lavishly placed on almost every new garment. Bengaline trimmed with jet makes several handsome mantles, and is being worn now 32 in. wide for this use. Black velvet, too, which has not been much seen for some few years, is now again employed to make many stylish mantles. A typical example is of black velvet, more than three-quarter length, with a Watteau pleated back edged along each side with jet passementerie. At the front, the velvet is cut sharply away, rounded at the edges, from beneath a yoke of heavy jet, and the front is filled in with a full scarf of lace. A black bengaline mantle of the new long three-quarter size has a transparent Medici collar of lace on stiffened wire, and a Watteau pleat of the same lace, over silk, edged with jet; a flounce of the lace is laid along the bottom of the sides of the charming but simple confection, and meets a band of lace and jet in front. Another novelty consists in laying black lace over coloured cloth; either one piece or two or three flounces of the lace being used in different models, while some have it hanging free from the cloth, and in others it is embroidered on, in the form of a yoke, bottom “motifs,” and so on, with jet beads. Black lace over heliotrope and over grey is to be most popular. Jackets also are frequently of cloth covered in lace, and are made with fitting sides and fronts, Watteau pleated backs, and very large full sleeves, put into tiny, tight cuffs.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 12, 1889), with a codicil (dated April 10, 1890), of Colonel Sir Charles John James Hamilton, Bart., C.B., late of Iping House, near Midsbury, Sussex, and of 13, Devonshire Place, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on March 1 by Sir Edward Archibald Hamilton, Bart., the Rev. Edward Henry Rogers, and William Robert Wynne, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £188,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to Francis Edward Newman Rogers; £5000, upon trust, for Kathleen Butler; £3000 each to Favoretta Frances de Steiger, Agnes Henrietta Massy, and Mrs. Florence Geraldine Campbell; £2000 each to Gnnora Wevia Hamilton and his executor, Mr. W. R. Wynne; £1000 each to Eleanor Blanche Hamilton and Edith Maud Hamilton; and other pecuniary and several specific legacies. He settles all his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate in Sussex and Hants or elsewhere upon the said Sir Edward Archibald Hamilton, to whom also he gives 13, Devonshire Place. His plate and other articles at 13, Devonshire Place and at his bankers' are made heirlooms to go with Iping House. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the said Sir Edward Archibald Hamilton, for life, and then for his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will of Mr. Alexander Druce, late of 74, King William Street, of Dulwich Common, and of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, copper-smelter, who died on Feb. 3, was proved on March 2 by Henry Druce and Alexander Devas Druce, two of the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £271,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to St. John's Foundation Schools (Leatherhead), the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), and the British Orphan Asylum; £100 to be distributed among the Dulwich local charities to which he may be a subscriber at the time of his death; and many and considerable legacies to numerous nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his two nephews, Henry Druce and Alexander Devas Druce, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 22, 1883), with four codicils (dated May 2, 1888; Dec. 3, 1890; and April 28 and Oct. 29, 1891), of Mr. Philip Charles Hardwick, J.P., late of 2, Hereford Gardens, Park Lane, and of Woolley Grange, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on March 1 by Sir Arthur William Blomfield and Lewis John Berger, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £210,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Helen Hardwick; his residence in Hereford Gardens to her, for life; his furniture and effects to her, for life, and then to his children as she shall appoint; £20,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children, or remoter issue, as she shall appoint; and he makes up his wife's income, with what she will receive under their marriage settlement and from a further sum of £5000, which he leaves upon the trusts thereof, and also from the said sum of £20,000, to £3000 per annum; £15,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters; £100 each to the Artists' Orphan Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution; and other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his two sons, Philip Edward and Stephen Thomas.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1891) of Mr. John Dent, late of 8, Fitzroy Square, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on March 5 by Alfred Schacht and Arthur John Finch, two of the execu-

tors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £108,000. The testator devises his freehold estate, Moulds Meaburn, Crosby Ravensworth, Westmoreland, to his nephew, Captain Herbert Wilkinson Dent, in fee simple. He bequeaths £12,000 each to his nephews, the said Herbert Wilkinson Dent and Edgar John Dent; £10,000 each to his nieces, Florence Dent, Annette Dent, and Ada Schacht; £5000, upon trust, for Edward Johnson, his wife, and children; £5000 each to his nephews, Thomas Tyler Dent and Wilkinson Dent Bird; and liberal legacies to cousins, friends, executors, and servants. The residue of his estate he leaves equally between his said nephews, Herbert Wilkinson Dent and Edgar John Dent.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1890) of Mr. Reginald Ames, formerly of Hyde Park Mansions, and late of 9, Campden Hill Gardens, Kensington, who died on Dec. 3 at Torquay, was proved on March 3 by Henry St. Vincent Ames, the brother, and William Herbert Ames, the nephew, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £108,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to his three brothers, Edward Levi (since deceased), Henry St. Vincent, and Frederick; £5000 to his cousin, Edith Mary Ames; £1000 each to his three goddaughters; and numerous specific legacies to relatives and others. His freehold property, Ivy Lodge, Old Windsor, he devises to his nephew, John Carlowitz Ames. As to the residue of his property, he gives one eighth to each of his nephews, John Carlowitz Ames and William Herbert Ames; one eighth each to his cousins, Ernest Fitzroy Ames, Victor Charles Ames, Oswald Henry Ames, and Hugh Lawrenson Ames; and the remaining two eighths between his four nieces, Violet, Mary, Margaret, and Katharine Ames. The deceased was the youngest son of Levi Ames, some time Mayor and Alderman of Bristol.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1889), with two codicils (dated Oct. 12, 1889, and July 9, 1891), of Mr. Frederic John Wood, LL.D., Chairman of Convocation of the University of London, late of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, and of The Maisonette, Clapham Common, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on March 1 by Herbert John Wood, the Rev. Charles Frederick William Wood and Ernest Wood, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £80,000. The testator gives £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Jane Wood, and she is to be entitled to occupy his residence so long as she desires; the plate presented to his late father, John Wood, to his wife, for life, then, as to part, to his son Charles Frederick William, and as to the remainder to his son Herbert John; the remainder of his plate, furniture, and effects to his wife; £1200 per annum to his wife, for life, to be in addition to the income of the property she is entitled to under the will of her father, Thomas Merriman Coombs; all his law books and a farm in Gloucestershire to his son Herbert John; the remainder of his books and £4000 to his son Charles Frederick William; a farm in Gloucestershire and £1500 to his son Ernest William; and legacies to cousins. The residue of his estate he leaves to his said three sons in equal shares, and any advances made to them are not to be taken into account.

The will (dated April 15, 1889) of Mr. Henry Woodcock, formerly of Bank House, Wigan, Lancashire, and late of Bolnore, Cuckfield, Sussex, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on March 2 by Mrs. Emily Susan Woodcock, the widow, Richard Atherton Harrington, and Thomas Holme Woodcock, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £63,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his

jewellery, wines, and consumable stores, to his wife; such of his furniture and effects as she may select, to her, for life; £10,000, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for his sons; £3000, upon trust, for his daughter, Agatha Maud, for life; and £3000 to each of his children by his present marriage. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children, whether by his first or present marriage. He confirms the settlements made on both his marriages, and states that the provision made by his will for his wife and children is in addition thereto, and not in substitution thereof.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1883) of Miss Margaret Penelope Morris, formerly of 48, Cadogan Place, Chelsea, and late of 28, Hyde Park Gardens, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on Feb. 27 by William Melmoth Walters and William Wallis Aston, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to each of her executors, and the residue of her personal estate to her adopted son, George Dorsett.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1885), with a codicil (dated July 19, 1887), of Mr. Thomas Faith, formerly of Upper Lambourne, Berks, and late of Clanville Lodge, Andover, Hants, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Feb. 22 by Thomas Henry Neal and Henry Hill Hodgson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator gives all his real estate to his son Thomas, but his wife, Mrs. Sarah Ellen Faith, is to have the use of Clanville Lodge until he attains twenty-one; an annuity of £500 to his wife during widowhood; his plate, plated articles, and china to his said son; his wife to have the use thereof until he attains twenty-one; the remainder of his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, live and dead stock to his wife; and £50 to each of his executors. As to the residue of his personal estate, he leaves one half to his said son, and one half to his two daughters, Florence Sarah and Evelyn Victoria.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1890), with a codicil (dated Dec. 13 following), of Mrs. Elizabeth Skardin Fry, formerly of Thornton House, Bickley, Kent, and late of Fern Bank, Liverpool Road, Chester, who died on July 21, was proved on Feb. 20 by William Adolphus Taylor, the nephew, and Henry Hudson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to her executor Mr. Hudson; and all her jewellery, plate, and plated articles to Mrs. May Taylor. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one half, upon trust, for her son Edward Stanley Routh; and one half to her nephew, William Adolphus Taylor.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1883), with a codicil (dated Nov. 5, 1886), of Mrs. Gertrude Arkwright, formerly of Mark Hall, near Harlow, Essex, and late of Otto House, North End Road, West Kensington, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on Feb. 19 by John Wigram and Richard Arkwright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to St. Stephen's Mission House, Clewer, near Windsor, the Orphanage of Mercy (Randolph Gardens, Kilburn), and the Hospital for Hip Diseases in Children (Queen's Square, Bloomsbury), to be applied in the maintenance of a cot in the said hospital; and £1000 each to her brothers and sister, Loftus Wigram Arkwright, Arthur William Arkwright, and Eleanor Harriet Randolph. The residue of her estate she leaves to her sisters Catherine Elizabeth and Agnes Isabella, in equal shares.

1892.

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9ft. 0in. x 7ft. 0in. ...	1 1 0	12ft. 9in. x 11ft. 3in. ...	2 8 0
9ft. 3in. x 8ft. 3in. ...	1 5 6	13ft. 3in. x 11ft. 3in. ...	2 10 0
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11ft. 3in. x 8ft. 3in. ...	1 14 6	15ft. 6in. x 10ft. 6in. ...	2 14 0
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10ft. 0in. x 9ft. 0in. ...	2 7 6	12ft. 0in. x 12ft. 0in. ...	3 16 0
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OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF DENBIGH.



Radolph William Basil Feilding, eighth Earl of Denbigh, died on March 10, at his residence, Newnham Paddox, Warwickshire. His lordship was born in 1823, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was twice married—first, in 1846, to Louisa, only daughter of Mr. David Pennant, of Downing, Flint, who died in 1877; and secondly, in 1857, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Robert Berkeley, of Spetchley Park, Worcestershire, by whom he has had nine children, eight of whom survive him. He was J.P. and Deputy Lieutenant for Flintshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire. Lord Denbigh was a Count of Hapsburg in the Holy Roman Empire and Earl of Desmond in the Irish Peerage. He is succeeded by his son, Viscount Feilding, born in 1859, who served with distinction in the Egyptian campaign.

LORD STAFFORD.



The Right Hon. Sir Augustus Frederick FitzHerbert Stafford-Jerningham, Baron Stafford, in the Peerage of England, and a baronet, died on Feb. 16, at Brighton. His lordship was born on June 28, 1830, the elder son of the late Hon. Edward Jerningham, brother of the third Lord Stafford, and succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle in November 1834. The peer whose death we record was unmarried. His brother and successor, Fitzosbert Edward, now fifth Baron Stafford, was born July 17, 1833.

SIR EDWARD HUDSON-KINAHAN, BART.



Sir Edward Hudson-Kinahan, first baronet, of Glenville, county Cork, and of Wyckham, county Dublin, died suddenly, from an attack of paralysis, on March 8, at Maryborough, where he had gone some days previously to attend in his capacity as High Sheriff at the Queen's County Assizes. He was born Nov. 27, 1824, the only surviving son of the late Alderman Robert

Henry Kinahan, sometime Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was prominently associated with the late Sir John Gray in the procuring of the Varty water supply into that city. Sir Edward, a Conservative in politics, was created a baronet in September 1887, and in the following October he assumed by royal license the prefix surname and arms of Hudson. He was a magistrate for Cork and Dublin, and senior partner in the well-known firm of Kinahan and Sons, distillers. He was a Commissioner of Irish Lights, a member of the Port and Docks Board, and a director of the Artisans' Dwellings Company. The baronet whose death we announce married, May 12, 1863, Emily Isabella, daughter of the Rev. Daniel Dickinson, Rector of Seapatrik, county Down, and leaves issue. His eldest son, now Sir Edward Hudson-Kinahan, second baronet, was born Nov. 3, 1865, and is lieutenant in the 21st Hussars.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. William Thomas Poë, of Curraghmore, county Tipperary, J.P., suddenly, on Feb. 14, aged eighty-one. He was the second son of the late Rev. James Hill Poë, Rector of Nenagh, and was a member of the Irish Bar. He married, first, in 1842, Mary Ellen, daughter of the late Mr. George Leslie, of Donaghadee; and secondly, in 1854, the Hon. Elizabeth Mary Skeffington, youngest daughter of the second Viscount Ferrard, by Harriet, his wife, tenth Viscountess Massereene.

Charlotte Lydia, Lady Roper, on Feb. 16, at Winchester, aged sixty-nine. She was the third daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Frederick Pleydell-Bouverie, Canon of Salisbury, brother of the third Earl of Radnor, and married, Sept. 2, 1847, Sir Henry Roper, Chief Justice at Bombay, who died in March 1863.

Mr. Nathaniel Eckersley, of Standish Hall, Lancashire, and of Carlton, Yorkshire, on Feb. 15, at his residence near Wigan, aged seventy-seven. He was a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Lancaster; serving as High Sheriff for that county in 1878, and was formerly major in the Lancashire Rifle Volunteers. From 1866 to 1869, and from 1883 to 1885, he represented Wigan in Parliament. He was twice married, and leaves issue.

A terrible colliery disaster in Belgium, an explosion of inflammable coal-gas, killing over a hundred and fifty persons, took place on March 11, at the Anderlues Colliery, near Mons. Such calamities are but too familiar in England and Wales, and have sometimes caused equal loss of life. The pit, in this instance, soon caught fire, and stopped all efforts to rescue any survivors or to remove the dead.

The Commissioners of inquiry about the redemption of tithe rent-charge in England and Wales have issued their report. They recommend that the existing terms of twenty-five years' purchase of commutation value for the redemption of the tithe rent-charge should be abolished; that where redemption is voluntary the precedent of the Glebe Lands Act, 1888, should be followed and the parties be encouraged to

make their own bargains, subject to a determining authority in the Board of Agriculture as to the price; that in the case of clerical rent-charges a notice to the bishop and patron should be substituted for the present provision, which requires their consent in certain cases; and that where redemption is compulsory the terms should be fixed by the Board of Agriculture. Redemption of the smaller sums of tithe rent-charge, up to 20s. or 40s., being the whole amount payable by one tithepayer in the same parish, should be treated separately from the case where many tithe rent-charges of small amount, exceeding in the aggregate such limit, are payable by the same landowner. In the latter case no sufficient reasons exist to justify compulsory redemption.

An atrocious outrage, perhaps an attempt to murder, with dynamite, was perpetrated in Paris on the night of March 11, at a house in the Boulevard St. Germain, the second floor of which was inhabited by M. Bresson, formerly a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce. The dynamite was exploded at the door of his apartment, where M. Bresson was sitting with his wife and son. Happily, they were not injured, but his valet and the concierge were knocked down and stunned, while much damage was done to the rooms and furniture.

The foundation-stone of a Jews' synagogue in Dennington Park, West Hampstead, near the Finchley Road, was laid on Sunday, March 13, by Mr. B. L. Cohen, assisted by the Chief Rabbi of the United Synagogue (the Rev. Dr. Adler), the Rev. H. Gaster, the Rev. Professor Marks, the Rev. S. Singer, Sir Philip Magnus, Mr. F. D. Mocatta, and Mr. Henry Lucas. An interesting feature in this ceremony was that the Hundredth Psalm was for the first time, it was said, in Jewish history sung in Hebrew to the well-known tune "Old Hundredth."

A committee is being formed to establish a memorial to the late Sir Morell Mackenzie. The fund will be devoted to a permanent addition to the Throat Hospital in Golden Square, which was founded by Sir Morell, and to which, in the words of Lord Calthorpe, the president, "for a period of twenty-seven years he devoted the greater part of his time, the best of his energies, and the whole of his heart." The secretary of the hospital will be glad to receive the names of ladies and gentlemen who desire to join the committee, or otherwise to take part in the memorial.

The trial of Mr. George Woodyatt Hastings, M.P. for the Eastern or Bromsgrove Division of Worcestershire, on the charge of fraudulently misappropriating £15,000, of which he was sole trustee under the will of the late Major John Brown, took place on March 11 at the Central Criminal Court. He was found guilty, and was sentenced by Mr. Justice A. L. Smith to five years' penal servitude. Mr. Hastings was many years Chairman of the Worcestershire magistrates in Quarter Sessions, one of the founders of the Social Science Congress, and an active Liberal member of the House of Commons. On the same day, Mr. Maitland Francis Morland, a private tutor at Oxford, was found guilty, in the same Court, of attempting to extort money from Lord Hothfield by false imputations on his lordship's personal character, and was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.



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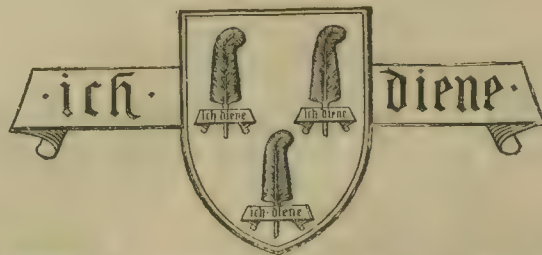
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Class 44, 225 guineas. Class 45, 230 guineas. Class 46, 235 guineas. Class 47, 240 guineas. Class 48, 245 guineas. Class 49, 250 guineas. Class 50, 255 guineas. Class 51, 260 guineas. Class 52, 265 guineas. Class 53, 270 guineas. Class 54, 275 guineas. Class 55, 280 guineas. Class 56, 285 guineas. Class 57, 290 guineas. Class 58, 295 guineas. Class 59, 300 guineas. Class 60, 305 guineas. Class 61, 310 guineas. Class 62, 315 guineas. Class 63, 320 guineas. Class 64, 325 guineas. Class 65, 330 guineas. Class 66, 335 guineas. Class 67, 340 guineas. Class 68, 345 guineas. Class 69, 350 guineas. Class 70, 355 guineas. Class 71, 360 guineas. Class 72, 365 guineas. Class 73, 370 guineas. Class 74, 375 guineas. Class 75, 380 guineas. Class 76, 385 guineas. Class 77, 390 guineas. Class 78, 395 guineas. Class 79, 400 guineas. Class 80, 405 guineas. Class 81, 410 guineas. Class 82, 415 guineas. Class 83, 420 guineas. Class 84, 425 guineas. Class 85, 430 guineas. Class 86, 435 guineas. Class 87, 440 guineas. Class 88, 445 guineas. Class 89, 450 guineas. Class 90, 455 guineas. Class 91, 460 guineas. Class 92, 465 guineas. Class 93, 470 guineas. Class 94, 475 guineas. Class 95, 480 guineas. Class 96, 485 guineas. Class 97, 490 guineas. Class 98, 495 guineas. Class 99, 500 guineas. Class 100, 505 guineas. Class 101, 510 guineas. Class 102, 515 guineas. Class 103, 520 guineas. Class 104, 525 guineas. Class 105, 530 guineas. Class 106, 535 guineas. Class 107, 540 guineas. Class 108, 545 guineas. Class 109, 550 guineas. Class 110, 555 guineas. Class 111, 560 guineas. Class 112, 565 guineas. Class 113, 570 guineas. Class 114, 575 guineas. Class 115, 580 guineas. Class 116, 585 guineas. Class 117, 590 guineas. Class 118, 595 guineas. Class 119, 600 guineas. Class 120, 605 guineas. Class 121, 610 guineas. Class 122, 615 guineas. Class 123, 620 guineas. Class 124, 625 guineas. Class 125, 630 guineas. Class 126, 635 guineas. Class 127, 640 guineas. Class 128, 645 guineas. Class 129, 650 guineas. Class 130, 655 guineas. Class 131, 660 guineas. Class 132, 665 guineas. Class 133, 670 guineas. Class 134, 675 guineas. Class 135, 680 guineas. Class 136, 685 guineas. Class 137, 690 guineas. Class 138, 695 guineas. Class 139, 700 guineas. Class 140, 705 guineas. Class 141, 710 guineas. Class 142, 715 guineas. Class 143, 720 guineas. Class 144, 725 guineas. Class 145, 730 guineas. Class 146, 735 guineas. Class 147, 740 guineas. Class 148, 745 guineas. Class 149, 750 guineas. Class 150, 755 guineas. Class 151, 760 guineas. Class 152, 765 guineas. Class 153, 770 guineas. Class 154, 775 guineas. Class 155, 780 guineas. Class 156, 785 guineas. Class 157, 790 guineas. Class 158, 795 guineas. Class 159, 800 guineas. Class 160, 805 guineas. Class 161, 810 guineas. Class 162, 815 guineas. Class 163, 820 guineas. Class 164, 825 guineas. Class 165, 830 guineas. Class 166, 835 guineas. Class 167, 840 guineas. Class 168, 845 guineas. Class 169, 850 guineas. Class 170, 855 guineas. Class 171, 860 guineas. Class 172, 865 guineas. Class 173, 870 guineas. Class 174, 875 guineas. Class 175, 880 guineas. Class 176, 885 guineas. Class 177, 890 guineas. Class 178, 895 guineas. Class 179, 900 guineas. Class 180, 905 guineas. Class 181, 910 guineas. Class 182, 915 guineas. Class 183, 920 guineas. Class 184, 925 guineas. Class 185, 930 guineas. Class 186, 935 guineas. Class 187, 940 guineas. Class 188, 945 guineas. Class 189, 950 guineas. Class 190, 955 guineas. Class 191, 960 guineas. Class 192, 965 guineas. Class 193, 970 guineas. Class 194, 975 guineas. Class 195, 980 guineas. Class 196, 985 guineas. Class 197, 990 guineas. Class 198, 995 guineas. Class 199, 1000 guineas. Class 200, 1005 guineas. Class 201, 1010 guineas. Class 202, 1015 guineas. Class 203, 1020 guineas. Class 204, 1025 guineas. Class 205, 1030 guineas. Class 206, 1035 guineas. Class 207, 1040 guineas. Class 208, 1045 guineas. Class 209, 1050 guineas. Class 210, 1055 guineas. 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Class 371, 1860 guineas. Class 372, 1865 guineas. Class 373, 1870 guineas. Class 374, 1875 guineas. Class 375, 1880 guineas. Class 376, 1885 guineas. Class 377, 1890 guineas. Class 378, 1895 guineas. Class 379, 1900 guineas. Class 380, 1905 guineas. Class 381, 1910 guineas. Class 382, 1915 guineas. Class 383, 1920 guineas. Class 384, 1925 guineas. Class 385, 1930 guineas. Class 386, 1935 guineas. Class 387, 1940 guineas. Class 388, 1945 guineas. Class 389, 1950 guineas. Class 390, 1955 guineas. Class 391, 1960 guineas. Class 392, 1965 guineas. Class 393, 1970 guineas. Class 394, 1975 guineas. Class 395, 1980 guineas. Class 396, 1985 guineas. Class 397, 1990 guineas. Class 398, 1995 guineas. Class 399, 2000 guineas. Class 400, 2005 guineas. Class 401, 2010 guineas. Class 402, 2015 guineas. Class 403, 2020 guineas. Class 404, 2025 guineas. Class 405, 2030 guineas. Class 406, 2035 guineas. Class 407, 2040 guineas. Class 408, 2045 guineas. Class 409, 2050 guineas. Class 410, 2055 guineas. Class 411, 2060 guineas. Class 412, 2065 guineas. Class 413, 2070 guineas. Class 414, 2075 guineas. Class 415, 2080 guineas. Class 416, 2085 guineas. Class 417, 2090 guineas. Class 418, 2095 guineas. Class 419, 2100 guineas. Class 420, 2105 guineas. Class 421, 2110 guineas. Class 422, 2115 guineas. Class 423, 2120 guineas. Class 424, 2125 guineas. Class 425, 2130 guineas. Class 426, 2135 guineas. Class 427, 2140 guineas. Class 428, 2145 guineas. Class 429, 2150 guineas. Class 430, 2155 guineas. Class 431, 2160 guineas. Class 432, 2165 guineas. Class 433, 2170 guineas. Class 434, 2175 guineas. Class 435, 2180 guineas. Class 436, 2185 guineas. Class 437, 2190 guineas. Class 438, 2195 guineas. Class 439, 2200 guineas. Class 440, 2205 guineas. Class 441, 2210 guineas. Class 442, 2215 guineas. Class 443, 2220 guineas. Class 444, 2225 guineas. Class 445, 2230 guineas. Class 446, 2235 guineas. Class 447, 2240 guineas. Class 448, 2245 guineas. Class 449, 2250 guineas. Class 450, 2255 guineas. 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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The least said about poor "Mr. Richards" at the Shaftesbury is, perhaps, the soonest mended. This ill-fated play almost succeeded in securing for itself what sporting gentlemen call a "record." It ran for exactly three nights. But I can remember well a play that ran for only one night and never saw a second dawn. There was the famous "Ecarté," by Lord Newry, at the Globe Theatre, the historic evening when a picnic party, with real Fortnum and Mason pies and champagne, proved too much for the constitution of the artists engaged, one of whom addressed the audience in one white satin and one green satin boot, and muttered between her hicoughs, "When you fools have done laughing I will go on noting." Ah me! that was a regal night in the good old days when bad plays were damned with determination—days when the paying public would stand no nonsense, days, by-the-way, that Mr. Alfred Berlyn—in a very clever article in the *Theatre*—would like to revive in the direct interests of dramatic art. Yes, it is perfectly true that "Ecarté" ran for one night only. It was produced on a Saturday evening, but the bill was changed on the following Monday. I remember that I described it both in the Sunday's *Observer* and in the Monday's *Daily Telegraph*, but the patient public had no earthly opportunity of judging the truth or the fallacy of my comments. Poor "Ecarté," with the picnic and the champagne, and the double-booted lady, and the little dog which was the cause of much irreverent mirth, never came up to the scratch, and that famous evening at the play remains an indelible memory. Plays I forget twenty-four hours after I have seen them—otherwise I should go plot mad—but I can recall the "Ecarté" evening at the Globe as if it occurred yesterday. The audiences of to-day are more polite. It was bitter cold when "Mr. Richards" made his bow, but the Siberian blasts in the theatre did not create the "frost." Women huddled themselves in furs, men turned up their coat collars, but so far as outward appearances went the poor play was a success. When a mild youth in the gallery ventured on a feeble protest—a meek mouse would have made more noise—a young lady near me arose in indignation, her eyes flashing fire, and observed, "How dare they hiss!" She had been as much tired with the play as I had been, she had seen in it no redeeming feature,

she had ridiculed everything as only women can ridicule, but she objected to hissing. Possibly she had come in with an order, and desired to assert her independence. "Mr. Richards" is to me a mystery. How such a feeble play could ever have been written, how the author's friends could have approved it, how a commercial manager could have accepted it, how actors and actresses could have studied it, and how a brilliant success could have been anticipated, passes all human knowledge. We were told weeks before it was produced that it resembled "Jim the Penman" and "Captain Swift"—presumably because Lady Monckton was in the cast. I can find no other reason. It was like nothing but a goody-goody story in the *Quiver*. It had no point, no substance, no story, no interest, no dialogue, no nothing. It did no one any good except the scene-painter and the dressmaker. There is no more to be said. Let us decently bury Mr. Richards and drop this melancholy and high-shouldered convict.

"Ta-ra-ra-Boum-de-ay!" There, that is better! After the depression of the chant comes the banging of the big drum! As yet we have not got to the bottom of this everlasting ditty. I hear it everywhere. The little Drury Lane boys sing it all wrong under my study window. The piano-organ outside Drury Lane Theatre strikes it up, and the Clare Market children go instantly mad, kicking up their heels on the asphalted roadway and running the risk of instant death from swift hansoms and Pickford vans. The niggers have taken it up, and chant it outside public-house doors. Next to the nuisance of hearing the tune is the annoyance of hearing it traced. I believe it was sung in the Ark. I am firmly convinced that it was the tune that lowered the walls of Jericho! There never was a moment in the world's history when people inclined to mania were not bitten with the gad-fly of "Ta-ra-ra-Boum-de-ay." I thought I had satisfactorily traced the frenzied dirge to the religious negro camp meetings of America, but I have been laughed to scorn for not tracing it further back. One remembers it at the last Parisian exhibition as the melody that accompanied a particularly offensive and suggestive dance. Another recalls it in Germany as a kind of military ducet à la "Geneviève de Brabant," when the soldiers, after the fashion of the two Macs, went down with a whoak in a sitting posture on the floor, when the big drum emphasised the "Boum." Let musicians and antiquaries squabble over the melody and its history, suffice it to say that Miss

Lottie Collins should have had full credit for her cleverness in seeing that there really was a "boom" in this gad-fly dance. If you doubt me, go to the Gaiety and hear Miss Collins sing the song and dance the dance. Someone assures me that Marie Lloyd at Drury Lane pantomime is infinitely better. Well, tastes differ, that is all. Lottie Collins has enthusiasm to begin with and a charming manner. Her style is not disfigured by Cockneyisms or the eternal blurr of the music-hall. She is a comedian, a singer, and an admirable dancer. Best of all, she has the power of winning over an audience. She makes them listen. It is a triumph in the art of crescendo. Very gently and gradually the song rises, swells, and surges into its ultimate madness. And mark also with what art, verse by verse, the climax is reached. The worst of it is that even with that climax the audience is not satisfied, and demands an encore, when an encore can only weaken the effect of the whole thing. You cannot do better than best. I don't really know who claims the honour of educating this clever lady. She has been on the regular stage and on the music-hall stage. If the music-halls can produce such good singers, dancers, and artists, then the music-halls are certainly going ahead. It is ridiculous for people to shake their heads and say that the Gaiety burlesque stage is degraded by the acquisition of music-hall art. Surely Lottie Collins, "Ta-ra-ra" and all, is infinitely more artistic than the moon-faced nobodies who can do nothing but "mark time" like ignorant recruits, and whose sole claim to distinction is the means to wear fingers full of rings and huge posy bouquets pinned on to their smart dresses. Next to Mr. Fred Leslie, the newcomer from the halls is infinitely the most artistic feature in the revised and corrected Gaiety burlesque. I cannot conceive anything more enjoyable than to listen to Leslie singing the song with harp accompaniment and the romance of the looking-glass. Why should burlesque be despised when it has so many charms? Is it ridiculous to prefer the singing and humour of a Leslie, the wild fantasticism of a Lottie Collins, the variety of an Arthur Roberts, or the sweetness of a Nellie Stewart to the heavy attempts at acting exhibited elsewhere by people with far more pretension but not a tenth part of their brain-power? People in these days like to be amused. They hate to be bored, and they are wise to see "Cinder-Ellen" at the Gaiety, "Blue-Eyed Susan" at the Prince of Wales's, and "The Mountebanks" at the Lyric. Life is too sad to be depressed after dinner.

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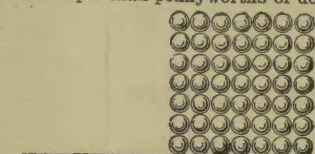
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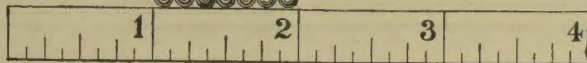
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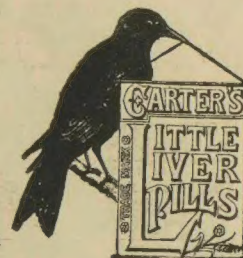
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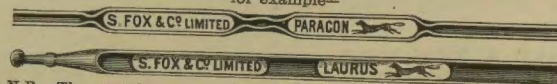
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MUSIC.

The eightieth season of the Philharmonic Society was inaugurated on Thursday, March 10, by a Mozart Centenary Concert, which proved, on the whole, to be quite as interesting and attractive as any of the functions given for a similar purpose three months before. The directors knew what they were doing when they set their incomparable orchestra the task of performing a programme made up entirely of Mozart's works. Nothing could have been better calculated to show off to advantage the quality of the wonderful strings and the well-nigh matchless wood-wind, whose playing reached the very acme of perfection in the slow movement of the pianoforte concerto in C minor; the contrasts between the two divisions of the orchestra being here depicted with a delicacy and purity of intonation that we have never heard surpassed. The solo in this beautiful work was rendered with rare charm and simplicity of expression by M. Arthur de Greef, a Belgian pianist of acknowledged eminence, who now appeared in this country for the second time. The high excellence of the orchestra was further demonstrated in the G minor symphony, the overture to "Idomeneo," and the entracte in D minor from the music to "King Thamos." Much has been heard lately about the importance of instrumentalists working constantly together in order to achieve entire unity and completeness of ensemble, but we are bound to admit that, although Mr. Carrodus and his comrades only meet together under Mr. Cowen's direction during a few weeks in the year, it

would be difficult to offer a finer example of ensemble-playing than that which the Philharmonic orchestra achieved in Mozart's delicious "G minor." The vocal portion of the concert, admirably sustained by Madame Giulia Valda, afforded an opportunity for hearing two strangely neglected pieces. Particularly welcome was the fine scena, "Ch'io mi scordi," which Mozart composed for the famous Nancy Stornace. Madame Valda's rendering of this extremely difficult composition was a most meritorious effort, and deservedly won loud applause.

M. de Greef quickly followed up his successful debut at the Philharmonic by a no less successful reentrée at the Popular Concerts, where he had made his first appearance in London two years before. He was cordially greeted by a large Saturday audience on March 12, and afforded unequalled pleasure by his execution of a group of pieces by Schumann. He was also heard, in conjunction with Señor Arbos and Signor Piatto, in Beethoven's B flat pianoforte trio; while the Spanish violinist, whose style reflects in many respects that of his gifted master, Joseph Joachim, won notable success not only in the quartet (Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" in C), but also in an effective romance for violin by Svendsen, now heard here for the first time. On the following Monday M. de Greef was again the pianist, and won hearty recognition for a thoroughly artistic rendering of Chopin's sonata in B flat minor. In connection with the latter concert two interesting features may be noted. One was the introduction of a quartet for strings in G major, Op. 42,

by Heinrich von Herzogenberg, whose duet sonata in A already had a place in the repertory of the "Pops." The new work is animated throughout by the spirit of Haydn, a graceful andantino with variations and a bustling finale being the movements most worthy of notice. The quartet was faultlessly played by Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatto, who responded to the usual recall. The other point of interest to which we were alluding was the conspicuous improvement in the lighting of the hall, more especially in that part of it—to wit, the orchestra—where the inadequacy of the electric light gave rise to Mr. Henssler's recent protest. The directors have evidently seen their duty in this matter, and, like sensible business men, have lost no time in performing it.

There is a division of opinion as to the suitability of the oratorio selected by the Crystal Palace authorities for performance upon the Handel orchestra on June 25 next. On one hand, it is thought that "Judas Macabbeus" would, if Handel were in question, have been the right work for the purpose. On the other, there is a tendency to support the choice of Mr. Manns and his directors, which has been definitely made in favour of "Samson." For our own part (without, however, feeling very strongly on the subject), we think that "Judas" would have been the more effective work of the two, with its numerous martial choruses, for rendering on a grand scale in the vast area of the Centre Transept. Next to "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah," it is unquestionably the most imposing of Handel's great choral works, and ought, on that account, perhaps, to have been accorded the preference.

DEATH.

On March 12, at his residence, Silver Spring House, Cork, William Thomas Barrett, aged 63 years; deeply regretted. R.I.P.
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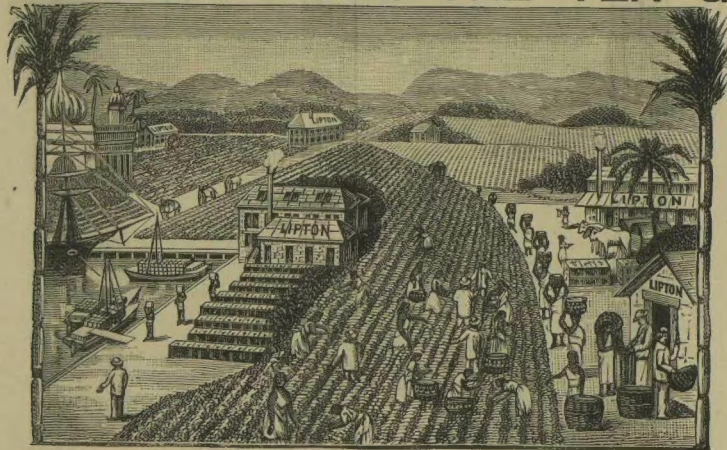
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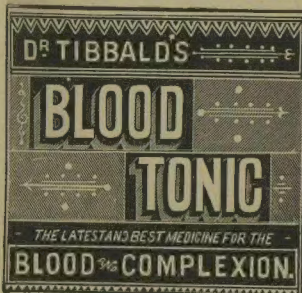
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